

The TATLER

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London, January 1, 1930

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The TATLER

Vol. CXV. No. 1488

London, January 1, 1930

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DOLORES DEL RIO—THE BEAUTIFUL

The latest "still" life study of the lovely Mexican film star, who at the time this was taken had just started to make a new picture for which a title had not been selected. Edmund Lowe, who is a Californian, is her opposite male number. Dolores del Rio comes from the same home town in Mexico as Ramon Novarro, a place called Durango. Her maiden name was Asunsolo, and she married Senor Jaime del Rio of Mexico City in 1925. When they were on their honeymoon Edwin Carewe, the producer, saw and heard the bride dancing and singing, and made her an offer of screen work at once



AT A MEET OF THE FAMOUS SCARTEEN

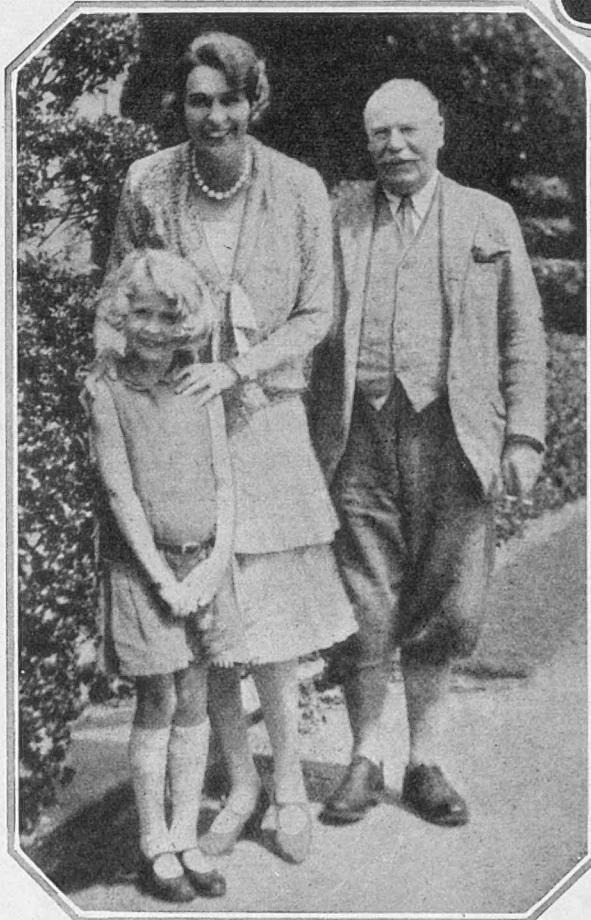
O'Brien

A group at Castlegarde, near Limerick, Lord Guillamore's seat. The names, left to right, are: Mrs. Considine, Lady Guillamore, Lord Guillamore, and Miss MacLoughlin. Captain Considine whips in to the Black and Tans, and Miss MacLoughlin is a sister of Dr. MacLoughlin, who is Joint Master of these hounds with his nephew, Major C. E. Walker, who carries the horn. These hounds are 23-in. pure-bred Kerry Beagles, but hunt the fox. The hunt coat is dark grey with a light tan collar

GROSVENOR SQUARE, S.W.1.
DEAREST,—A very, very happy New Year. Full of our usual optimism, we are all exchanging that wish to-day, heedless of the growing pile of bills and income tax demands which are the aftermath of every Christmas. And with like optimism we are still full of those good resolutions which we always make before each new year, heedless also of the sad and early demise of all our previous ones. Anyhow, somebody has prophesied that there is a good time coming, and we like to hope that he is right. Meanwhile we continue to make the best we can of the present.

* * * *

And the present gives us the exhibition of the priceless Italian works of art which opens at Burlington House to-day. Of the private view yesterday I will write in my next letter. It is a show which will keep us well occupied for some time, and what better month could be chosen for it than January, when we have so few distractions. Those of us who remain that is, for half the world which hasn't already gone south is thinking of moving now. To Switzerland, where the more energetic are bound. And to Madeira, where



MR. AND MRS. CECIL HANBURY AND THEIR LITTLE DAUGHTER

Mr. Cecil Hanbury is the member for North Dorset and is a son of the late Sir Thomas Hanbury, K.C.V.O. Mrs. Hanbury is a niece of the first—and last—Lord St. Helier and runs a successful dress-making business in the West End

The Letters of Eve



SIR JAMES AND LADY DUNN

Who are seeing the New Year in at their charming villa at Cap Ferrat on the Côte d'Azur. Lady Dunn was formerly the Marchioness of Queensberry

one can lie in the sun in glorious idleness. Among the numbers who are off to that delightful island is Mrs. Robert Marsham, that most indefatigable of dancers who, I am sorry to say, has been laid up for some weeks with nervous exhaustion.

* * * *

Except for my New Year wishes I cannot be very up to date in my letter to you this week, for again, owing to Christmas holidays, it had to go to press so long beforehand; however, little of general interest happens in the week of Christmas itself; most of the excitements happened the week before. And one of the best of these was the house-warming party which Captain and Mrs. Cunningham Reid gave at their house in Brook Street, which is only a few doors away from Brook House, the large mansion which Lady Louis Mountbatten, the hostess' sister, lives in. Though, as a matter of fact, she only lives in a small part of it, and that only for a small part of every year. She and Lord Louis had a family party at Adsdean for Christmas.

* * * *

But to return to her sister's party, which was very small and select, with the Press well represented. Most of the prettiest women in London were there, though the guests had all been summoned at comparatively short notice

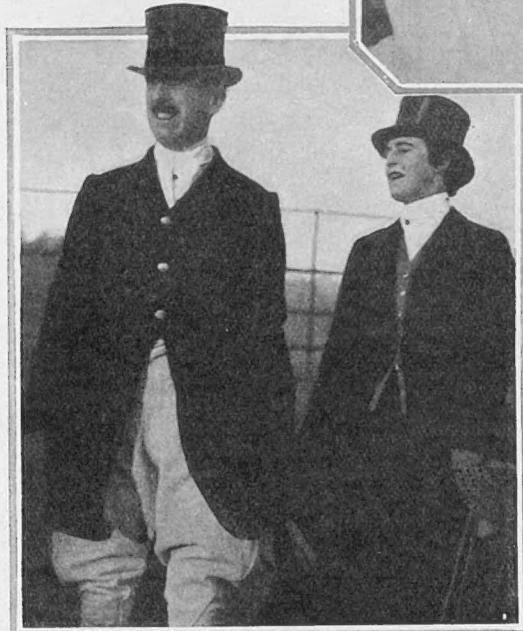
on the telephone. Mrs. Cunningham Reid herself, with her tall, willowy figure and glorious Titian hair, looked quite lovely in a frock of blue and silver, with which she wore a wonderful necklace of sapphires and diamonds. Lady Louis wore a beaded white frock with a coat to match, which she kept on all the evening, even when she was dancing. These evening coats, first designed for the cold country houses of our more spartan friends, have now become a habit and a necessity. The lovely Marchesa de Casa Maury was another to wear a coat, one of electric-blue satin, and to stick to it determinedly.

* * *

Both Lady Massereene and her daughter wore white, and Lady Wimborne who, like so many other women in the room, had her hair brushed back to show her ears, was in black. This new fashion is bringing in ear-rings again, by the way. Lady Plunket, I noticed, was wearing very long ones. Other attractive people to be seen were Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley who was wearing a frock of her favourite colour, green with ostrich feathers on it, Mrs. Julie Thompson, Lady Brecknock, the hostess' cousin, Mrs. Richard Norton, Miss Mala Brand, whose dress of deep blue and cyclamen was almost crinoline-like, Mrs. Carl Bendix, and Miss Romaine Combe. While the young male contingent included Prince Ali Khan, Mr. Jack Mitford, Sir Anthony Weldon, and Lord Donegall.

* * *

Captain Richard Norton provided something of a sensation by doing a *pas seul* which ended with a pirouette on to Mr. Archie Campbell's knee. This manœuvre was executed with such force that the said knee was put out, and the victim was in great pain for the rest of the evening. Apart from this little contretemps however, the evening was a huge success. The supper and band were both quite excellent, and Douglas Byng's songs created a furore. Another excitement about the same time was the startling cabaret turn provided for her



Howard Barrett

BELVOIR PERSONALITIES

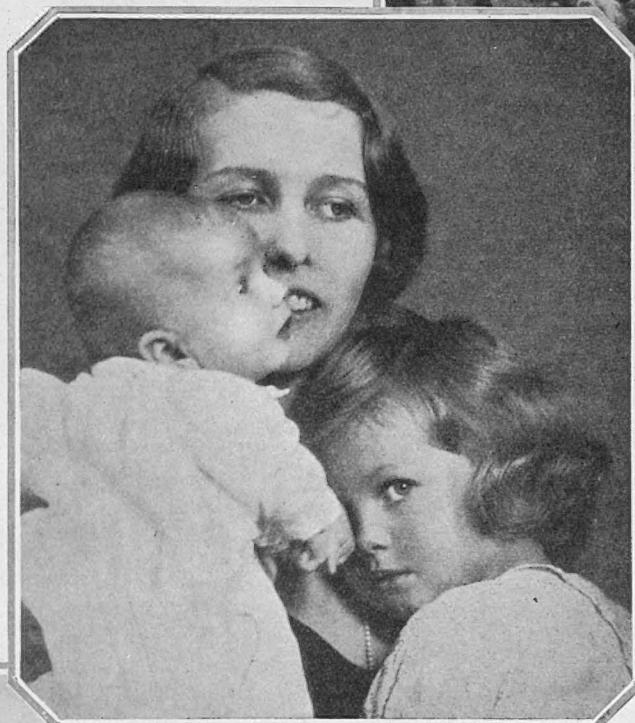
Miss Susan Roberts, the only daughter of Captain Marshall Roberts, ex-Master of the Belvoir, with Colonel W. J. Lockett, D.S.O. The latter, who commanded his regiment, the 11th Hussars after the War, is a brother of Colonel Vivian Lockett of the 17th/21st Lancers



Jan Smith

UP AT ST. BOSWELLS

Lord Reay and Miss Maitland were among those who attended the meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's hounds at the kennels and forgathered again in the evening at the Hunt Ball held at Kelso. Lord Reay, the Chief of the Clan Mackay, was born in the Netherlands



Hay Wrightson

MRS. MARCUS BERESFORD

With her small daughters Imogen and Jane. Mrs. Beresford was Miss Myra Brownrigg Jay before her marriage. She is Sir Edward Chichester's sister-in-law

other evening at Chesham Place, where Lady Portarlington had lent him her house. In one room "Mac" was busy serving cocktails, while in another three very accomplished young people were playing the piano and singing. Everyone sat about on the floor and listened entranced. I caught a glimpse of Ivy St. Helier looking very tiny, all in black, at the feet of Zena Dare, and not far off was Miss Kay Norton. Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley was there in green with Mrs. Cohen and Mrs. "Teddie" Thompson, who was helping Mr. McKenna to give the party. Practically everyone was in black, including Mrs. George Philipson and Miss Enid Raphael, who were talking busily together.

* * *

Most people had to leave early to be ready for the big fight at the Albert Hall. I was surprised at the number of people there; every seat was packed, and the numerous women, beautifully dressed in the richest evening clothes, made an odd contrast to the men, who were really there to see the fight. Miss Teresa Jungman was very conspicuous in a ring-side seat, her golden hair seemed to shine out of the smoky atmosphere. I also noticed the Marquis Casa Maury in a huge fur coat, Mr. Philip Yorke with Miss Betty Fielden, and Mr. Tony Belleville with his very pretty wife.

* * *

Miss Frances Doble's marriage to Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg was naturally a very quiet affair. St. Margaret's, Westminster, was decorated throughout with brown and yellow chrysanthemums, which gave a warm note to the

(Continued on p. 4)

THE
LETTERS OF
EVE—cont.

otherwise sombre church. The bride was dressed in pure white with an exquisite bouquet, and looked like the Snow Queen in the fairy story. Sir Anthony offered a becoming contrast, dressed in the deepest black with sleek, black hair and eyes to match. Mrs. Doble was the cynosure of all eyes in an effective creation of magenta, while Lord Beaverbrook, the "fairy god-father," came striding down the aisle in order to take his place as host at the wedding lunch given at Stornoway House.

* * *

Among those present at the ceremony I noticed Lady Ida Sitwell with her daughter, Miss Edith Sitwell, in a gold turban; Mr. Willie Walton, whose now famous work, "Portsmouth Point," has just been produced on the gramophone; Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell whose little son, Reresby, created the greatest sensation of all by yelling all the way up the aisle and being chased by his imposing black Nanny into the arms of his elegant poet father. I also caught sight of Lady Cynthia Mosley and Lady Eleanor Smith, looking very elfin in a Puck-like cap of scarlet.

* * *

Talking of Douglas Byng, which I was earlier on in this letter, it is he who has written and designed the special entertainment called "Past Bedtime," which is to be the great feature of the "When We Were Very Young" ball which is fixed for to-day fortnight at the Savoy. It is in aid of the special appeal for £100,000 for the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, and promises to be the ball of this winter. For the King and Queen are patrons, Lord Derby is chairman, and the chief moving spirits include Lady Bertha Dawkins, Lady Cunliffe-Owen, Mrs. Henry Mond, and Sir Philip Sassoon. Numbers of well-known stars and beauties, both amateur and professional, are taking part in the show, and Ambrose's band is playing, so that the 3-guinea tickets, which include a sit-down supper and a champagne buffet, and can be had by applying at 6, George Street, Square, are cheap at the price,



LORD SCARSDALE'S SHOOT AT KEDLESTON

A group which includes the host and his guests—Mr. J. Bailey, Sir Eustace Fiennes, Lord Scarsdale, Sir John Mullins, Mr. Harcourt Gold, and Mr. John Boscawen. They got seventy-three brace of wild duck as a morning bag on the day this was taken. Lord Scarsdale inherited Kedleston on the death of the late Marquess Curzon

dresses. The first prize is to be a portrait of the winner, painted either by Mr. Orde or by that young Adonis, Mr. Simon Elwes, who held a show of his work a few weeks ago at the Alpine Galleries.

* * *

We are starting off the New Year with plenty of weddings, and Miss Zelia Hambro is beginning it well by getting married to-day to Mr. Patrick Humphreys. She has not been long in following the example of her father, who was married again only a few weeks ago. And to-morrow's bride is that pretty girl, Miss Sheelah Browne, Lord Sligo's niece, who is marrying Mr. Dalrymple Treherne. And the New Year will doubtless start with its usual big batch of new babies. Such hard luck for them, I always think, to get born at this time of the year and have their youth blighted getting only one present from their meeker friends to cover both Christmas and their birthday. The end-of-the-year babies born to Lady Allendale, Lady Manners, and poor Lady Cavan, who has been so ill, will all suffer this disadvantage. All my love to you, dearest.—Yours ever, EVE.



LADY JEAN BERTIE AND THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE

At the recent meet of the Cottesmore at Brooke Priory. Lady Jean Bertie is Lord and Lady Bute's younger daughter and married the Hon. James Bertie, R.N. (Emergency List) in 1928. Lady Bute is very well known with the Eglinton and other Scottish packs

Lord Allendale, by the way, has lately undertaken additional god-parental as well as parental responsibilities. He saw to it that Colonel and Mrs. George Monckton-Arundell's son was well and truly named in the private chapel at Serlby Hall.

THE BEST NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

Three months' subscription to "The Tatler" for 15s. 9d., or to your friends abroad for 18s. It is the surest way in which to keep in touch with friends, at home or afar, while it is a breath of "home" for those abroad. A year's subscription for abroad only costs £3 11s. 9d.

apart from the contribution they represent towards the £100,000.

* * *

Another fixture in which many of London's prettiest women are interesting themselves is the fancy-dress children's party on Saturday week at the Mansion House. Both Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and Lady Cunliffe-Owen have been working very hard to make it a success, and their helpers include Lady Brownlow, Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, Mrs. Fred Cripps, and Lady Haddington, while there are to be four judges, consisting of Lady Alexandra herself, Lady Plunket, Mr. Cuthbert Orde, and Mrs. Basil Baxendale, of the



THE PRINCIPAL BOY AND HIS HIGH PRINCIPLED GIRL: MISS LILIAN DAVIES AND MISS EVE GRAY

The lovely Princess who was as well known at Old Drury as Nell Gwynn, the orange girl, after being asleep for ten years has been awoken in the customary and time-honoured manner by a kiss from the extremely attractive Prince Florizel, who this year is even more so, seeing that he is played by Miss Lilian Davies of the golden voice. The honeymoon, we feel sure, will be all that that sort of thing ought to be. That Florizel is a very wise bridegroom will also be remarked for he can be observed getting to wind'ard of his mother-in-law elect. Miss Clarice Hardwicke makes a very charming Trixie

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.

MISS CLARICE HARDWICKE IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY"

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY"
AWAKES
AT DRURY LANE



MR. G. S. MELVIN (THE QUEEN) AND MISS LILIAN DAVIES

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

Piffle about Pola

ONE day last week, as we were training it to some golf-course or other, my partner for the day, who had hitherto been gloomily buried in the columns of one of our more popular dailies, suddenly resumed his normal expression. Now, it is only in novels that anybody chuckles, and I do not believe that any novelist would recognise the sound even if he heard it. But granting that the operation is a mental one, I am prepared to state that Bill chuckled. "Come on," I said, "let's have it!" This is the passage which Bill then read aloud: "Pola Negri's luminous eyes veiled themselves behind her heavy lashes, and then opened again, and her face was no longer a mask of tragedy, but radiant. 'He has always loved me; he worships me, and he never, never had the slightest intention of ever marrying anybody else.' The Polish film star, who is remaining a princess, smiled. Her ruby lips parted over pearl-like teeth. She laid her head with its wealth of raven hair on the orange cushions of her sofa, and spoke in musical Polish. Her handsome young husband kissed her passionately, and left the room." "Topping!" I said. "But then Beachcomber's always first class." Bill looked grave. "It isn't Beachcomber," he said quietly. "It's the front page."

Well, it is to be presumed that there are people who are passionately interested in Miss Negri's connubial permutations and combinations; otherwise there would be no question of the front page. Am I right in wondering whether this curiosity is not a wholly feminine trait? I think it is Molière who observes that curiosity is the passion for learning something which we really do not want to know. If Molière is right in his definition then in using "curiosity" to express this feminine preoccupation I am using the wrong word, when there is no doubt that all women are passionately preoccupied to the extent of insisting to know all about the polarities of Pola. So I shall just say that the fascination is feminine. But men are different, or so I suppose. I adore, in the cant phrase, Greta Garbo; but I have no desire to know whether she is married or to whom, how luminous her eyes are in private life, or how musical her tongue, or whether before he leaves the room some Swede does or does not passionately kiss her. I more than adore Janet Gaynor, but am completely indifferent to her sex-life, if any.

Brigitte Helm is a great actress and I am quite indifferent as to whether she uses a knife to eat pickled onions with, or to stab a lover. In other words, I possess and indulge the singular fancy for regarding artists as artists. But women are different. I am told that a woman, when she goes to the theatre, imagines herself to be the heroine of the piece, and does indeed undergo, throughout three chocolate-munching hours, the actual process of metamorphosis. "For three glad hours, and it seems not an

hour of supreme and supernal joy" she becomes, actually becomes, Saint Joan, giving her torturers as much, speaking verbally, as she gets; a second Mrs. Tanqueray or a first Mrs. Fraser coming to a defeatist or a victorious conclusion; a Maya getting on famously in some house of ill fame. To be these people and do these things without risk, to lead a life proscribed at Surbiton, to return home, demure of face, with a stomach full of high experience—all this it is which makes playgoing for a woman so much more soul-satisfying than it is for a man. "What did you think of Tabitha Tippet, my dear?" asks the husband who doesn't really want to know, but after all has got to make some conversation over dinner. It doesn't matter what the wife's reply is; the truth is that throughout the whole of that afternoon she did not at any time consider Miss Tippet's performance. What she did consider was the fun of being Maya, of submitting to the passionate kisses of Mediterranean mariners, and of winding-up as a martyr meandering, moaning, and maudlin from Marseilles into a Seventh Heaven, where she would once more become a little girl and wear white muslin. As in the theatre so in the films. The female film-fan knows and cares nothing about film-acting. It is upon her own reluctant eyelids that she feels the hot breath of Wallace or Noah Beery; it is her own chaste nostrils which seek to avoid the over-long nose of John Gilbert; it is her frail body which is crushed to the bosom of Charles Farrell. The female film-fan is not one of you:

Pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they
can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,
a malady
Most incident to maids.

Your picture-palace Perdita can never die unmarried who has beheld Ronald Coleman in a dinner-jacket. And I believe that the same sort of difference continues to exist as between the sexes when the film is over. Every woman who goes to the cinema, therefore, continues to be Pola Negri in her private adventures as well as in her tamer histrionic affairs. At a given moment she too became the Princess Mdivani. She, too, went through torrents of jealousy when the prince dallied with that Miss McCormick who went about Chicago publicly announcing that she was engaged to Prince Serge Mdivani, and would marry him as soon as he got his divorce. The film-fan cannot get Pola out of her mind, for



BANG IN THE BULL'S-EYE

The actual range at which Miss Barbara Kent fired the projectile is not mentioned. Barbara Kent is a Canadian, a winner of a Hollywood beauty contest, and a very good film actress

is she not herself Pola? "The rich soft voice wavered an instant." This lovely sentence is in her voice as she asks her husband to more pudding. But what she is wondering does not concern pudding or her husband's appetite; what she really wonders is whether her voice is as rich and soft as Pola's, and whether when it wavers it wavers quite so glamorously. If it doesn't it must be made to. Surely some M. Marcel must have invented permanent waverers for the voice. But there is one thing in this difficult subject which exercises me. Do the newspapers, when they print this appalling tosh reflect what is already in the feminine mind, or do they fill that mind with rubbish which it would not of itself entertain? Pending settlement of this question I shall recommend *Masks of the Devil*, the new film at the Empire.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xii.

A PARTY FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES.



THE HON. HENRY CECIL, MR. JIM CECIL, THE HON. MRS. THOMAS CECIL, LADY AMHERST OF HACKNEY, MR. SANTOS CASANI, AND CLOWN ARGO



LADY HUNTINGFIELD, THE HON. SARA VANNECK, AND THE HON. GERARD VANNECK



THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER



LADY ELIZABETH PHIPPS, MR. COLLINGWOOD HUGHES, MISS DRAKE, MR. A. RATHBONE, LORD AMHERST, AND LORD MULGRAVE

A spirit of carnival, to which children from eight to eighty contributed, distinguished the "diner dansant" held in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital at Grosvenor House. Etonians turned up in force, their ardour evidently quite undamped by their recent aquatic experiences, and it was very evident that everyone enjoyed the evening exceedingly. Mrs. Thomas Cecil, the hardworking vice-chairman of the committee, brought her son, Mr. Jim Cecil, and her sister-in-law, Lady Amherst of Hackney, was also supporting the occasion aided and abetted by her two sons, Lord Amherst and Mr. Henry Cecil. That master of the dance, Mr. Santos Casani, was another personality present. Lady Huntingfield had the two elder members of her family with her, while young Lord Townshend was doing escort to his mother and his sister, Lady Elizabeth Townshend. Lord Mulgrave and Lady Elizabeth Phipps are Lord and Lady Normanby's son and daughter

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

OVERNIGHT frost and bright sunshine have spoilt scenting conditions the last few days, and on Monday the Quorn were lucky not to be stopped by fog, as in Leicester it was so thick that two visitors from Warwickshire had apparently to turn back.

All our sympathy with poor Kattie who broke her leg badly in a gate and probably won't hunt again this season, though her capabilities as a chaperon are unimpaired.

As one prelate said to another, "old fellow" is considered more friendly and in better taste than "old gentleman," even if the latter phrase is chosen for purposes of flattery.

Wednesday produced a really good hound hunt with a rather undecided sort of fox who eventually crept into a drain. The going was treacherous, that is to say a downhill slope gave one all the sensation of negotiating the steps of the Café de Paris with a banana-skin on the sole of one's shoe. Not many people down, though Miss Gretton's fall on the flat apparently looked ugly without doing any damage except to her "hard black coke."

The remark of the small boy on his holidays who asked on the way to the meet in the car, "Shall I come with you to-day mummie or stay behind with daddy," shows that he is conspicuously unfitted for the diplomatic service.

The Burton Hall party on Thursday was the perfection it was expected to be, and from the appearance of the supper-room many of the guests hadn't fed up since hunting on Wednesday, and had been eating salt all Thursday in preparation for the Bollinger '17 which our host gave us. It takes an arm of the sea or a tango to stop our hostess.

If this appears too late to wish everyone a happy Christmas, they have our best wishes for the New Year.

From the Beaufort

HAVING had to swim for it for the last three weeks, it now looks very much as if the next means of progress will be on skates. The West Kington day was rather disappointing from a hunting viewpoint, as already stated. Disappointing as it was, it had its amusing moments. We hope the gentleman from Marshfield way is better after his nasty fall. We can't help thinking he was rather asking for trouble taking on such very large obstacles. The Major would surely have a more pleasant ride if the neighbouring horse-box only held three. George's horse had a lovely see-saw until Simon sawed the gate down and took him off. Congratulations to the Conservative member for Chippenham on retaining his firm hold on the Ancaster Squash Racket Championship.

Tuesday's meet at Leigherton produced a record crowd to date. Those who have never ridden in the National or National Hunt Steeplechase got a good eye-opener of what the first fence feels like (not look, no one saw it) when the flag was dropped at Drews Covert. What a ruddy blush these frosty mornings do give one. After galloping wildly for 500 yards Master thought the field were too dashing and wanted steady down, so we waited for half-an-hour to cool off, and even after that the going was very hard in places, Sir Walter said. Major Williams from the Grafton was out, superbly mounted by Mr. Cox. The polo

grounds had another reprieve. The last fox hunted gave a very fine display of what a Rugby three-quarter should do when he ran straight through the pack twice; his side-stepping was perfection.

From Warwickshire

THE optimist from Chesterton who declared he always had a good hunt from Snitterfield was not far out on Monday last, for a fox went away from the Bushes at the first time of asking, and after circling round Clopton and Welcome Monument led hounds through Gospel Oak to Bishopston Village, where he went to ground under the Great Western Railway arch. This was a very unusual line of country which is seldom crossed, but the pace was good, the fences fair, so everyone enjoyed the gallop.

There was a patchy sort of fog in places most of the day, but it did not contrive to spoil the fun down here, though Reggie and Leila are still recounting the troubles experienced "on the day that they rode with the Quorn."

Pillerton Priors produced a full muster on Tuesday all agog to draw Oxhill Gorse. A leash of foxes were soon on the move and hounds got away with one on excellent terms; this developed into a capital hound hunt of one-and-a-half hours with a six-mile point. The line was through Compton Wyniates and Winderton to Epwell Warren, where hounds nearly came up with their quarry, but he slipped on past Tadmarton and Fleur-de-Lys as far as Shutford Clump, where the big earths provided sanctuary.

Pity it was never fast enough for the perfect country crossed, and 11 deg. of frost overnight does cramp one's style! All the same the stout-hearted field threw their hearts over the obstacles and (in most cases) their horses followed. What will 1930 bring in the way of sport? is the great query of the New Year.

From the Belvoir

ON Tuesday the frost had been so severe at Stragglethorpe that the Vale country was too hard to hunt, so hounds were taken to the high heath land above Leadenham.

Scent was poor all day and sport only moderate.

On Wednesday a big field enjoyed good sport from the meet at Buckminster. After a couple of scurries over the heath country with foxes from Buckminster Park, the pack were taken on to Coston Covert. They found at once and ran towards Coston Village, but soon swung left-handed and raced over that delectable country that lies alongside the Coston Brook. Leaving Garthorpe on the right, they went on to Saxby, and turning left, went on fast for Freeby Wood, treating the field to the best of the Wednesday country. Near Garthorpe Plantation they swung right and seemed to be making for Sproxton Thorns, but went away from it and ran through Royce's and over the road back to Coston Covert. The bitches soon had their fox out of this covert, and now very close to him, flew along towards Lord Dysart's new covert.

The fox had had quite enough by now and was just able to save his brush by getting to ground in a difficult place short of the new covert. The pack had been running well for an hour.

(Continued on p. x)

THE MOTORING AMBASSADORS' DINNER



A COLLECTION OF TRAIL-BLAZERS—BY FRED MAY

The Ambassadors Club, at whose third annual dinner these wonderful portraits were collected, is a circle of nineteenth-century motorists, a fellowship of men who owned or drove a motor vehicle on the King's highway before the conclusion of the 1,000 miles trial of the A.C.G.B. on April 15, 1900. Brigadier-General Sir Capel Holden is the president, and Mr. Ernest Instone is the chairman of the committee, and Mr. Dick Preston (Harry's brother) is one of the earliest motorists on the London-Brighton road. Mr. Edgar Duffield, the only honorary member, was the first hon. sec., and Lieut.-Commander Montague Grahame-White is the present hon. sec.



MR. E. NERMAN AND MR. IVOR NOVELLO

Signing the foreword to Mr. Nerman's book of collected sketches, which he has called "Darlings of the Gods," being the clever caricatures which have appeared in "The Tatler" of a host of stage celebrities. Mr. Ivor Novello wrote the foreword, and the book is published by Alston Rivers, Ltd.

Life After Death.

IT always secretly amuses me to listen to the fury of very "churchy" people when the topic of conversation is anything to do with spiritualism or psychical research. Acknowledging that their faith leads them to a belief in a life hereafter, they apparently get so angry when men strive to prove that there is indeed some sure foundation for that belief, apart from faith. It ought to make them very proud and happy. Usually, however, it only makes them cross. Maybe, perhaps it is that, having described to the Faithful what the joys of Heaven are to be—and anything more dull it would be difficult to conceive—they resent the implication that the life hereafter isn't going to be a bit like that. For one thing, there seems to be no punishment for sins, no hell torment, no opportunity for the virtuous to cry "I told you so!" People are happier with rich rewards and dire punishments. They know where they are with a Heaven and a Hell, but a continued state of evolution—mental, moral, and spiritual—seems to hold out neither a crown of glory nor a big stick, and that is always the human way of rewarding virtue and punishing wickedness. Yet, personally, I always consider that the theory of eternal evolution is much more grandly comforting. This life is infinitely too short; we develop at too slow a rate for the experience of three-score-years-and-ten to achieve anything worthy either of eternal bliss or eternal damnation. Life is usually just one long period of floundering, and most of us are punished by experience, not only for the ill we do but also for the good which turned out ill. Indeed, if this life were all it would be the sorriest joke imaginable. To die, as most of us die, with all our songs unsung; to find at the end that all our work, our experience, our knowledge, our talents are wasted, since at death they seemingly come to such an abrupt end, would be an act of wilful loss without parallel in all the wonder of creation. How much more inspiring is it to believe that in the everlasting there are further chances to make progress; to develop the mind, the understanding; to work, to be of service, to learn, and to build eternally. The conventional idea of Heaven seems always so little more than a state of golden dreariness.

* * *

What Lies Ahead.

Few people, however, believe nowadays in either the conventional heaven or the conventional hell. Nevertheless more earnestly than ever before are they striving to understand the divine Why and the divine Wherofore of human existence. Faith they have, but they yearn for faith to have surer foundations, since common sense dictates that the Creator gave us a mind so that we might use it, knowing that every fresh aspect of knowledge but increased our wonder for His divine work. The old mysticism has not the hold over us that once it had. We realise that nothing to-day is supernatural, only that we do not understand as yet the causes from which the seeming miracles spring. Meanwhile each step we take towards a wider, deeper knowledge of natural laws fills us the greater with awe and

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

reverence for the magnitude of the divine scheme. We have passed the day when curiosity in God's purpose was considered a sin against Him. We are still struggling to make spiritual progress, though our way may not always lead us through a church. We have begun to realise how silly were the scoffing 'nineties, which sought to deny God on the strength of the impossibility of any whale swallowing any Jonah. God and religion have taken on a new 'aspect, and a more intelligent one. And so a book like Sir Oliver Lodge's "Phantom Walls" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) is infinitely more inspiring than a whole library of sermons. Everyone knows Sir Oliver's views on Life After Death, but in this book he gives us clear and moving reasons for his belief. Nevertheless his mind treads warily. The fault of too many people who believe in manifestations is that they so easily grow to believe *anything* that at last imbecility appears to take the place of reason, and more harm is done to serious investigation than if they had remained hostile to the cause. In matters of psychical research it is much safer to disbelieve too much than to believe too greatly. Sir Oliver therefore treats the subject with the caution of a true scientist. This makes his evidence the more impressive, his book the more interesting and inspiring. Indeed his theory of what is commonly termed space or ether, and his belief in the idea that it is within this apparent vacuum where lies the whole essence of the mystery of life, is one of the most mentally thrilling chapters I have read for a long time. For it seems to explain so many things which looked mysterious, and this explanation—although within the short space at my disposal I cannot go fully into his arguments here—seems to include the whole possibility of the continuance of personality after death and the probability of a life eternal indeed. Moreover, an eternal life which would really be worth while. It takes a very clever man to write a book on an abstruse subject which can be easily understood by only the average intelligent man. "Phantom Walls" is remarkably easy to understand. It is a book which will help the ordinary inquiring mind to realise what scientific steps have been and are being taken towards what I fully believe will be the eventual solution of the mystery of life after death. As such it is inspiring in the finest sense.

* * *

The Bad Girl Gets the Good Time.

The chief virtue of Lady Benson's new novel, "Cockoo Oats" (Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.), is that it is lively and readable.

On the other hand, her two heroines, Brenda and Faith, belong to that dull feminine brigade who make naughtiness their life's perpetual anthem. As if, indeed, the whole world should stand agape when they began to play the flighty kitchen-maid. They were the daughters of a middle-class family who, it seemed to me, liked to refer to themselves as the "New



MR. GEORGE BELCHER

Another "Tatler" artist who has done the public a service by collecting in book form a further instalment of his quite priceless studies. Mr. Belcher calls his book "Taken from Life," and it also is published by Alston Rivers, Ltd., and is one of the best half-guinea's worth it would be possible to collect as a present for a friend

(Cont. on p. 12)

CHIN MUSIC ! By George Belcher.



First Stout Lady: Chin Chin

Second Lady: And chin-chin-chin to you, Mrs. Green; you ain't got nothing to shout about

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Poor" because financially they were unable to cut their suit according to their cloth. Brenda, however, was quiet and contented, but Faith was always itching to "live her own life," which, she being the type she was, meant that she wanted to live in luxury at somebody else's expense. So she cut herself adrift from respectability and went and had a good time. Twenty years ago she would have come to a bad end, have had a baby and retired in a country cottage, where the all-forgiving Brenda would have visited her surreptitiously and thus gained a crown of heavenly glory for herself. Not so nowadays, however. Faith enjoyed the fruits of selfishness to their full extent, allowing for one or two temporary set-backs, and even persuaded her sister by her "good time" to leave her husband, whose main sin was that he was too quiet and too respectable. Moreover, instead of Faith's conscience suddenly rising up to condemn her, she married the man she loved and thus completely asphyxiated its qualms long before the age when conscience usually starts getting busy. At the same time Brenda's husband shook off a little of his respectability, so his silly wife returned to him for a second honeymoon. And the moral of it all is that, if a girl hasn't morals, she can have a good time and stands a better chance of marrying than if she had stayed at home and been most awfully sedate. As I wrote above, Lady Benson carries all this off in lively style, and so long as she is telling the story and forbidding her characters to speak for themselves she is very readable. Only her dialogue is among the most unnatural I have ever listened to.

* * *

The "Hash" of Life.

Sometimes I think it is safer to be born with a "crooked" nature than with an impulsive one. They are the impulsive people who too easily wreck the happiness of their own lives for no ultimately good purpose. That impulsive people are nearly always lovable makes the tragedy they usually make of their existence all the more tragic. In "The Intruder" (Collins, 7s. 6d.), Mr. Holloway Horn gives us a remarkable study of an impulsive woman. Engaged to the man she loves, she marries, in reaction from a lover's quarrel, a country doctor nearly twice her age. Well, most writers would have made this man repulsive. As a matter of fact Holloway Horn makes him almost admirable. He had only one fault, which, however, so far as living with him was concerned, made him more impossible than if he had been a drunkard and a sot. His mind was absolutely impervious to new ideas. What he believed at twenty he still believed at forty, and there was no changing him. To a woman so vivid, so alive, so impulsive as his young wife, such a companionship was daily torture. At last she begs her husband to divorce her. He refuses. Divorce is against his religious principles. Once again, on a moment of impulse, this time excusable, she leaves him, bidding good-bye at the same time to her baby son. After which she rejoins her first lover, now a well-known painter, to live with him as his wife. Years later she and her son meet. The young man understands and forgives her, but his father still refuses to set his wife free. He

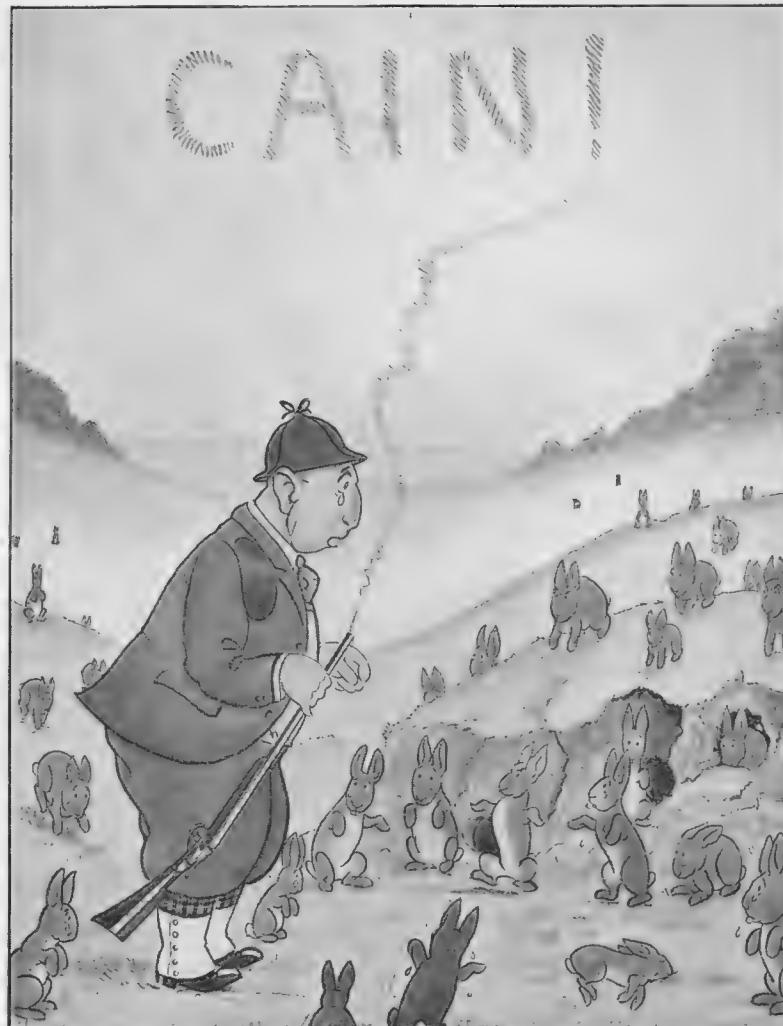
refuses even when by his refusal it seems as if the happiness of his son's marriage might be imperilled. It is in his vivid study of this elderly man and the girl who married him in a fit of pique that this novel is most remarkable. It is remarkable especially because the author so cleverly makes you understand and sympathise with them both. Moreover, never once does he make a cheap bid for your emotional partisanship for the unhappier of the two. This makes his story the more poignant and moving. Indeed, "The Intruder" is among the most interesting novels I have read for some time.

* * *

So Excellent—in Parts.

There is a good deal of that chestnut about the curate's egg in Mr. Geoffrey Moss's new novel, "That Other Love" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). The parts are so excellent; the whole—well, infinitely less so. The beginning is the best of all. Phillida Chard is about to be removed from the care of her most unsuitable mother, Rosie Chard, to be taken charge of by the present Lady Chard, the widow of Rosie's ex-husband, who had divorced her. Phillida's mother had been a chorus girl. You couldn't help liking her, she was so utterly irresponsible, so amusingly common, and so fearless; but as a wife or a mother—well, to view her in either capacity would require the unshakable optimism of one who built on the time of his train's arrival as stated in any old Chatham Railway timetable. In the Villa Coquette, above Monte Carlo, she lived from hand to mouth, surrounded by various men friends—one of them, Hector Macrae, being an admirably-drawn character—and by piles of unpayable bills. Therefore it was better far that Phillida should be taken from that life and placed under the care of Aunt Maud, as Lady Chard chose to be known to her husband's daughter by his first wife. Unfortunately, after this removal the story becomes less actual and more artificial. Phillida's relations with Aunt Maud are well drawn. It was

a case of two well-meaning people being utterly incompatible by temperament. But Phillida's relations with Vera Caswell the sculptor are unconvincing. Which is a pity, because they take up a great part of the story. The truth is, I suppose, that one always takes with something more than one grain of salt the girl who, because one man has disappointed her, swears hatred against the whole of the male sex and declares that all the rest of her life she will devote to some occupation. Phillida devoted herself to painting and to Vera; but painting failed her, and in the end she fails Vera. As I wrote above, this, the greater part of the story, is not very convincing, but it is enlivened by the presence of Aunt Effie, so wise, so haphazard, and so altogether delightful. Indeed, it is the character-drawing of the secondary characters which makes the novel so well worth reading. They at least are delightfully real. The main characters, on the other hand, have a certain sawdust element in their composition which fails to make them quite so interesting as they should be.



DRAWN BY PATRICK BELLEW

THE PLAY'S THE THING



Stage Photo Co.
MR. LESLIE SARONY AND MISS EMMA HAIG IN
"SILVER WINGS"



Stage Photo Co.
MR. ERIC ROLAND AND MISS DÉSIRÉE ELLINGER IN
"SILVER WINGS"



MISS TILLY LOSCH AND MR. C. B. COCHRAN ABOARD
THE "LEVIATHAN"



MISS IRENE RUSSELL AND A FAITHFUL RETAINER

"Silver Wings," in which Mr. Eric Roland plays an Atlantic flier hero, who gets as far as Mexico before crashing, and there falls in love with Inez (Miss Désirée Ellinger), the local belle, who, of course, is desired by the local villain, Pablo (Mr. Harry Welchman), after its four successful weeks in Edinburgh and Liverpool comes to London. It is rated one of the best musical shows of recent times, and it has romped home to success in the provinces. Mr. Leslie Sarony and Miss Emma Haig supply the comic relief. Mr. Cochran and his leading dancer, Miss Tilly Losch, were en route to the States with the "Wake Up and Dream" Company from the London Pavilion. Beautiful Irene Russell is one of the leads in "The House That Jack Built," the Adelphi success.



ALL ABOARD FOR THE PANTOMIME

These properties were late in leaving the factory and were wanted at high speed for a pantomime in the North, so the only way out was to put them aboard a 'plane at Hanworth Aerodrome

A Notable Air Year.

WHILE people are busily ringing out the old and ringing in the new, a process which demands the degrading business of being "jolly," or that is, of throwing paper streamers at people you would like to kick if you were sober, it is convenient to glance back at the aeronautical achievements of 1929 and at the prospects for 1930; 1929 must always remain one of the greatest years in aviation history, and perhaps it will remain the greatest year in British aviation history. In it so many notable feats have been accomplished by British pilots and British machines. There was, in addition to the annual events such as the King's Cup race and the Royal Air Force Display, the Aero Show at Olympia, the launching of *R 100* and *R 101*, the two largest airships in the world, the establishment of speed and distance records and the Schneider Trophy race. It seems unlikely that so many famous events will ever again be crowded into one year in one country. But they have had their effect, and in 1930 we must expect their fruits gradually to ripen. We must look for solid commercial development and a steady and healthy growth of private flying.

Mr. F. Handley Page, who returned from America the other day, has disposed of the myth that America is far ahead of this country in the development of civil aviation. In actual fact no single air line in America pays if those with postal contracts are

F. King & Co.
MAJOR P. W. S. BULMAN

The chief test pilot to the Hawker Engineering Company of Brooklands and Kingston. His No. 2 is in the other picture above

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

omitted. The postal contracts cost the U.S. Government some 5,000,000 dollars a year, a much higher subsidy rate than is paid by any other country. There are some 1,500 aeroplanes on the hands of American manufacturers, the result of over-production during the boom. And technically the Schneider Trophy is a sufficient proof that British machines are ahead of any others in the world.

Mr. C. R. Fairey has a very similar story to tell about the much-advertised German air progress. His visits to Germany, where he made a close study of aeronautical affairs, convinced him that Britain is ahead in technique and in operation. But there is no doubt that Britain has so far made little use of her lead in aviation. Most people, certainly all Americans, believe that America leads in unsubsidised civil aviation. It is not true. And it is very satisfactory to be able to say that Britain leads in this as in technical achievement.

It is to be sincerely hoped that Britain will not only affirm her technical and operational lead in 1930, but will begin to gain credit for it in her own country and to reap the benefits which are due to her. I look for a steady and genuinely economic aviation progress during 1930. There will be fewer great air spectacles than in 1929, but in their place there will be a gradual spread of flying among the general population.

* * * Lower Insurance Rates.

One of the moves which will assist this spread has just been made by National Flying Services, Ltd. A £50 light aeroplane policy, covering third party risks, is now available for any member of an N.F.S. Club who has flown twenty hours, including ten hours solo, to the satisfaction of his instructors.

Flight-Lieutenant A. J. Styran made an exceptionally fine flight in one of the new Desoutter machines the other day. He flew from London to Manchester and Liverpool in a full gale. His object was to demonstrate the machine to prospective purchasers in the North. Both Flight-Lieutenant Styran and his passenger arrived perfectly dry, although the machine had passed through torrential rain on the way. The enclosed cabin however proved watertight, and gave as high a degree of comfort as could be expected in the prevailing conditions. Flight-Lieutenant Styran flew back to London on the next day against a strong head wind.

The Air Disaster.

Owing to the early date at which these notes have to go to press it is not possible to do more than record our deep sorrow at the loss of two valuable lives, those of Squadron-Leader A. H. Jones-Williams and Flight-Lieutenant N. H. Jenkins in the accident to the Fairey monoplane on the attempted non-stop flight to Cape Town.



F. King & Co.

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT T. SAYER
The well known second test pilot to the Hawker Engineering Company



THE MARQUISE DE CASA MAURY

In paying tribute to the Marquise de Casa Maury's lovely face Mr. Cecil Beaton has expressed the calmly contemplative aloofness which is so characteristic of her beauty. The Marquise, who adorned innumerable smart assemblages in London as Miss Paula Gellibrand, has since her marriage also become a decorative feature of Parisian Society. Tall, slim, and very fair she has the dress instinct, and she was one of the first society girls to enter the now so fashionable lists of the mannequins

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



LITTLE ESTHER OR JOSEPHINE BAKER MINOR

The little coloured dancer, who is hailed in Paris as Josephine Baker in miniature, and who has taken Paris quite by storm. She is only ten and is a real phenomenon, and one of her star turns is dancing on top of a grand piano

TRÈS CHER,—Christmas is “passing itself” far more *chez soi* than usual this year. The *bon bourgeois* is beginning to discover that he really cannot afford the tall prices of the tall restaurants, and is resigning himself—quite happily it seems—to celebrate *les fêtes* in the bosom of his family. Do not imagine from this that in past years the family suffered unduly from neglect. No matter how late the younger members stayed out for the Christmas and New Year *réveillons*, both their children, and their parents were dutifully accorded their share of gaiety also.

* * *

Monsieur and madame played *petit Jésus*, and adequately attended to the babies’ shoes left so appealingly on the nursery hearthrug, and managed to be a-foot a few hours later in time for the family *déjeuner* (which nowadays nearly always includes a British “plum puddingue,” if only for the English governess), and on January 1 accomplished the terrible New-Year-day visits that are the penalty for having rich relatives and influential friends.

* * *

The only people who complain of the state of affairs this year are the proprietors of the restaurants *de luxe* . . . but one likes to imagine that having, no doubt, families themselves, even their cloud has a silver lining, which, after all, must be some consolation in these days



MADAME CITROËN

The beautiful wife of the great pillar of the motor world, a charming snapshot taken in her Paris garden before the winter came

of paper money. The Crémilliére in the Place Beauvau, close to the British Embassy, always a favourite place of mine on account of its excellent cuisine and golden, sun-bathed room, seems to be one of the *grands restaurants* that has not yet suffered from the recent exodus of Americans.

* * *

Probably because it has such a solid clientele of French and English habitués, one sees there all the old familiar faces that one used to see *chez* Pailliard when Pailliard’s was Pailliard’s, and Marius, now manager of the Crémilliére, was *gérant* thereof. I may be a bit of an optimist to talk of a sun-bathed room at this time of the year, but, Très Cher, the colour scheme and the lighting arrangements are such as to create the illusion even when the Heavens scowl!

* * *

Quite by chance the other night I barged into a funny little pub. I cannot give you its exact address for reasons that will be obvious later, but it is quite easy to find. It is in one of those steep streets that climb from within the dark shadow of the Église de la Trinité towards Montmartre. It is on the same side of the street and almost next door to a new and very gorgeous theatre that has recently been built by a fabulously rich member of a great Jewish family. Are you on? Methinks even a French boy scout could not miss that trail.

It is about half-a-yard square in size, and what part of the room is not taken up by the grand piano is taken up by the bar. The walls are hung with autographed photographs of pugilistic and theatrical semi and entire celebrities. I cannot tell you how many of them are "your's sincerely" (don't forget the apostrophe, pray, Mr. Printer Man, or my remark will lose its point), nor how many have become still more celebrated or still more obscure. A tiny stairway plunges into the viscera of the earth where the lady-of-the-lav. dispenses powder, rouge, and good advice to them as needs it . . . and there are many. You see this "bar"—where a table d'hôte dinner is served about half-past eight for a very reasonable price—is extensively patronised by the stray-aways from the usually well-shepherded flocks of little-English-dancers without whom no Parisian revue is complete. When troupes of little-English-dancers first come to Paris they naturally go to Heaven, Heaven being the "Theatre Girl's Home" in the rue Duperret.

* * *

This is a remarkably well-managed concern where they can find adequate food, shelter, and supervision for a very modest sum. Naturally they have to be in by a certain hour at night and up before a certain time in the morning (due allowance being made for the hour at which their work ends at the theatres), but they are as free as air in the daytime and evening. You will find some of the Very Nicest of these lassies at the little bar-pub I am trying to describe, paying their own way, slinging theatre-talk from one table to another, and being very wary of the wolves in baa-baa clothing (read tweeds), who also come there in search of . . . entertainment. But there are also, as I have already remarked, the stray-aways. The left-overs of troupes that have come and gone. The unlucky ones who fell for . . . perhaps one of the members of the orchestra (you cannot imagine, Très Cher, the havoc that a "drummer" can work in a dancer's heart!) or a stage-door prowler or even a stage-hand . . . or the manager . . . or goodness knows who! And



MADAME GABY MORLEY

The attractive star in "Mélo," which is now at M. Bernstein's theatre, the Gymnase, in Paris. Madame Gaby Morley is rated as talented as she is beautiful

so one sometimes hears, at this little pub, this somewhat pathetic phrase pronounced with an ineffable cockney accent: "Will-one-of-you-nice-boys-oblige-a-lidy-wif-a-small-loan?" Usually "the lidy" gets it . . . but I wish you could see the noses of her more virtuous sisters.

* * *

The place was gay with holly and mistletoe one of these last evenings when I was there, so perhaps that is why I felt the sadness that perhaps did not really influence the "lidy" herself. One so easily becomes sentimental at Christmas . . . which, after all, is as it should be, do-you-not-think-so, Très Cher? So . . . Merry Christmas and 'Appy Noo Year.—PRISCILLA.

A guide to the amusing little Paris restaurants has just been written by "Priscilla" entitled "Dining-Out in Paris." This is a most useful little book and extremely interesting, for it contains descriptions of the interiors of the various restaurants as well as giving a note of their specialities. It is the kind of guide-book which everyone, be he or she gourmet or merely a sightseer, ought to possess. The book can be obtained, post free, price 2/6, from the publisher, H. Clarke, 338, rue St. Honoré, Paris.

* * *

Genia Nikitina, the delightful little dancer whose picture appears on this page, and who created "Katinka" and other famous numbers in Balieff's Chauve-Souris, gave the first of three dance recitals in Paris with Georges Pomiès at the Atelier Theatre. Nikitina is adorable, and her grace made her Chopin waltz, her Gretchaninoff mazurka, and her Saint George moments of delicate charm. The Saint George was like an animated Watts set to the music of Bach. The Plage number had been seen already last summer when she appeared at the Empire.



NIKITINA AS "JEANNE D'ARC"

The ballet in which the famous Russian dancer is at present scoring one of her greatest successes in Paris

GOING GAME IN HERTS



LADY DAVINA LYTTON, MRS. CORY, DAVID AND JONATHAN CORY, AND DIAN MOFFAT



NOW WE ARE SIX: MRS. GURNEY AND HER TWO CHILDREN, MISS PAMELA MARTIN-SMITH, MR. ERIC MARTIN-SMITH, AND MISS MARY MARTIN-SMITH



MRS. NEVILLE FLOWER



MR. W. H. COOPER, M.F.H., AND MRS. DOUGLAS CORY



COL. DENNISTOUN AND MRS. LAWRENCE

The camera scored heavily when it went down to Hertfordshire to play a hand in the hunting game. Broadwater was the appointed tryst and the day was a lovely one, but scenting conditions were very poor, as is almost invariably the case when bright sunshine follows a white frost. Lady Davina Lytton had a very personal interest in the proceedings for hounds were round about Knebworth most of the day. Miss Mary and Miss Pamela Martin-Smith, both ardent pursuers of Hertfordshire foxes, are the daughters of Mr. Everard Martin-Smith of Codicote. Their brother, Mr. Eric Martin-Smith, is the Cambridge golfer. Mr. W. H. Cooper took over the sole mastership of the Hertfordshire hounds at the end of last season after having been in joint control with Major Motion. He is the eldest son of Sir Richard Cooper of Feldon Lodge, Boxmoor, and a nephew of Colonel R. E. Negus, Master of the Exmoor



LADY ALMA LE POER
TRENCH ACTS IN A
CHARITY PERFORMANCE

Lady Alma Le Poer Trench is Lord Clancarty's daughter by his second marriage, and she and the other children of Dunluce, the Society school in Kensington, gave a charity performance in aid of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, which the school has adopted, and where they one day hope to endow a bed. Lady Mary Herbert, who is a daughter of Lord Ilchester and married Captain John Herbert, who is in the Blues, organised the production of Noel Coward's "Hay Fever" in aid of the local hospital at Abergavenny and of the N.S.P.C.C. After Abergavenny it was also successfully performed at Dorchester, Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis producing. Major Fleetwood Hesketh's recent shoot was over his Stocken Hall estate at Stretton Oakham. He served with the Yeomanry in both the South African War and the European War

IN TOWN AND OUT OF IT



"HAY FEVER"—BY AN AMATEUR COMPANY

A group of the amateur cast at Coldbrook Park, Monmouthshire. The names are: Seated—Miss Owen, Mr. Guy Nayler, Miss Joan Graham, and Miss Joan Crompton-Roberts; centre—Lady Herbert; standing—Major B. William Powlett, Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, Mr. G. Hirst, Miss Diana Hornby, and Lady Mary Herbert

Truman Howell



MAJOR FLEETWOOD-HESKETH'S SHOOT AT STOCKEN HALL

The names, left to right, are: Colonel T. B. Phillips, Mr. Frank Ellis, Colonel F. D. Trollope-Bellew, Mr. F. C. B. Fleetwood-Hesketh, Mr. J. Sturgess, Mr. Owsley Rowley, Colonel H. M. Hardcastle, Colonel J. Lockett, Captain John Powell; sitting—Miss G. V. McPherson, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Powell, Major Fleetwood-Hesketh, Mrs. Sturgess, and Miss J. Harvest

Baile

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Typhoon," at the Duchess Theatre.



LAUGHTER IN COURT

The French magistrate (Mr. George Merritt) examining the literary gent (Mr. Edgar Norfolk) about the murder of the white girl by her Japanese lover. All the Japs are "in it" together, including Yamoshi (Mr. Anthony Blair) their man of law

"Typhoon" at the Duchess.

OBSEvation suggests that when Japanese gentlemen converse with each other in their own language they do so at tremendous speed. Observation further suggests that when a cultured Japanese speaks good English he rattles it off at a very respectable pace. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry in Mr. Laurence Irving's old part of Tokeramo, in the revival of Melchior Lengyel's melodrama, *Typhoon*, at the Duchess Theatre, adopts a rate of diction that is the reverse of these suppositions. *Typhoon*, admittedly, is melodrama, and melodrama demands deliberation and emphasis. Tokeramo, furthermore, as a character-study, is not to be lightly undertaken. It is a part calling for long, careful, and patient study; in fact, the pivot of the play. Tokeramo, as a figure of drama, must convey several things with clear-cut emphasis. The first is Patriotism—that love of his country and reverence of his Emperor which decline to permit the Japanese code to yield one iota to the laxer standards of European behaviour. The second is his love for Hélène, the little French girl who stood between him and his duty to Nippon, and whom, in a moment of jealous frenzy, he strangled with his own hands. (Hélène, unfortunately, was merely feigning fickleness; she loved her Japanese darling all the time. The French poet did not count.) The third is his gradual weakening in the rigid attitude of East to West, a painful process which postulates that when an eminent Samurai finds his soul by the light of alien ideals he should immediately atone for the discovery by committing hari-kari, while his friends unconcernedly drink tea and play doleful music on the flute behind an adjacent screen.

To get to real grips with his audience Tokeramo must be more than the inscrutable Oriental and the complete murderer. He should have, one feels, the sinister quality of imparting the creeps to one's spine at the right moment. Mr. Neilson-Terry did not affect



me cerebrally, for reasons more physical than mental. He looked like two Japanese instead of one. This comparison was inevitable whenever the Japanese actors, Messrs. Kiyoshi Takase and Shotaro Azuma, appeared on the stage. It may signify a lamentable lack of imagination, but I insist that if an actor is to impersonate a heavy-weight boxing champion he must be several sizes larger than Mr. Ernest Truex. I was never able fully to appreciate Mr. Matheson Lang in *Mr. Wu* and *The Chinese Bungalow*, because he exceeds all my established notions of the correct bulk for a Chinaman. Mr. Neilson-Terry's performance is a painstaking and admirable piece of work which none may gainsay. My point is that Tokeramo never wholly got me by the short hairs because the illusion was never there in sufficient force. And, because he failed to do the trick *in toto*, the rest of the play, apart from the actual strangulation, developed into a leisurely procession which seemed to lead nowhere in particular and least of all to Japan.

Now Japan, to judge by all the producer's carefully studied detail and local colour, was just where things were supposed to lead, always remembering that the author's primary business was melodrama. Admitting the merits of the melodrama as far as it went, and the opportunities of the chief tragedian, it is permissible to wonder whether the picture of Japanese mentality is the genuine article or so much background with a certain amount of freehand licence. No reasons present themselves for doubting the authenticity of the patriotism, ethics, or deportment of these Japanese loyalists in Paris engaged in compiling information (details unknown) for the advancement of their country. One admires with a shudder the creed by which the youthful Hironari (Mr. Patrick Gover) pleads guilty to Hélène's murder so that his superior may get on with his mysterious mission

THE WILLING PROXY

Hironari (Mr. Patrick Gover) pleads guilty to Hélène's murder so that his superior may get on with his mysterious mission

French magistrate (Mr. George Merritt) in order that his chief may be free to complete the secret mission for the benefit of his Emperor. One awaits with every sign of interest the inevitable suicide, as Tokeramo, his work accomplished, politely calls for the large mat from the bathroom. Not even the fact that a gramophone off stage, purporting to represent sounds of revelry in the street (the feast of the Bastille) strikes up "Let's Do It," in anticipation of the coming knife-thrust, can remove the gilt from an undoubtedly succulent morsel of suicidal gingerbread. Undeniably the local colour is laid on thick enough for any patient student of Oriental psychology and the Buddhist faith. I merely summarise my general attitude with profound shame by recalling the impolite reply of the individual who, on being asked the way to somewhere or other, replied "Not knowing, can't say; not going there, don't care."

Miss Mary Grew, I thought, fared none too happily with Hélène's stilted artificial utterances. What Messrs. Kiyoshi Takase and Shotaro Azuma thought of the efforts of Messrs. Andrew Churchman, J. S. Carré, Anthony Blair, Patrick Gover, and Frederick Norton to look like Japanese patriots must remain another unsolved mystery of the East. Mr. Edgar Norfolk scored heavily as the brandy-drinking Franco-Polish littérateur with no manners and a sharp tongue, rising commendably to the incredible occasion in the last Act, when this easy-going gentleman, having assisted Tokeramo to find his soul, alias the wisdom of Western philosophy, forgives him for murdering the woman they both loved, kisses him on the cheek, and calls him brother.

* * *

Christmas Fare.

Space permits, as the season demands, a few words of sympathy and encouragement to harassed parents and benevolent uncles. Christmas is over and the holly behind the dining-room pictures is beginning to look a little jaded. We are all jaded too, but recovering gradually. The holidays have still three weeks to run. Do not, I beg you, forget your duty in the welter of New Year resolutions concerning such drab things as overdrafts and new cars. The children are willing, the theatres are open, every other day is a matinée day, the Christmas programme is in full swing. Which shall it be first? The circus at Olympia? The pantomime at Drury Lane? Twice daily the elephants, the trick-riders, the clowns, and all the rest of Mr. Bertram Mills' two- and four-legged marvels are performing prodigies in the arena while the searchlights and the trapezes and the military band look down with an air of mysterious glamour from the remoteness of the vast upper spaces. The Lane, which lately thrilled to the tenor ecstasy of "Rose Mari-ee-ee-ee" and reverberated to the profundo of "Ol' Man River," has gone back to pantomime. Such a worthy pantomime that there is no possible excuse for not going back to the Lane. For the past two years this particular *Sleeping Beauty* has been given in the provinces to the entire satisfaction of innumerable country cousins. Now is the chance



BREATHING EXERCISE

A study in politeness and hissing noises by Messrs. Kiyoshi Takase, J. S. Carré, and Andrew Churchman

NERMAN

to confirm their judgment that Mr. G. S. Melvin, with his marvellous make-up, is a dame *sans peur et sans reproche*, and that everything from A to Z is strictly according to Cocker. Superior persons are always hinting that pantomime is on its last legs; that as an entertainment originally devised for the children it has degenerated into an amusement for grown-ups which is unique in its childishness; that revue, American pep, and the talkies have pushed it rudely aside into the limbo of back numbers. And all that. But if London is growing up, the country—Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham—still welcomes the principal boy who is principally girl. Year after year Robinson Crusoe, Aladdin, Cinderella and Co., go touring round the smaller towns emulating the Christmas Numbers in their efforts to be first in the field. The first pantomime of 1929 is reported to have achieved its first-night seven weeks before Boxing Day! *Peter Pan* is again refusing to grow up every afternoon and evening at the St. James's, and *Treasure Island*, a hardy annual but for a break of two years, is at the Strand, with Mr. Robert Loraine as Jim Hawkins. Just to prove that the age of miracles is not concerned only with *Journey's End*, *Charley's Aunt*, everybody's first play, will be found twice daily at Daly's, and *The Private Secretary* at the Criterion. Pantomime, apart from Drury Lane, is still alive and kicking, even if the ten-year-olds profess a preference for *Mr. Cinders*, or *Love Lies*. Those of unriper years may note that *Jack and the Beanstalk* occupy the Children's Theatre, with the principal girl also participating as the front legs of Jack's cow; *The Babes in the Wood* is at the Scala, complete with transformation scene; and the Lyceum pantomime, *Puss in Boots*, is positively bigger and better than ever.

Mr. Bert Coote, it need hardly be said, is back again at the Victoria Palace in *The Windmill Man* for the ninth year; *Where the Rainbow Ends*—but of course it never does—is at the Holborn Empire (matinées only); and *Shockheaded Peter*, produced by Sir Nigel Playfair, is to be seen at Wimbledon. Be nice to your Uncle, Augustus, and he will take you to the whole lot.

"TRINCULO."



The French hussy (Miss Mary Grew) really loved her Japanese Samurai (Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry), but when he tried to get rid of her she pretended she was another's. Things got heated and she got strangled

A "NUMBER-ONE PIECEE" FILM IN PEKING

THE UNDERSTUDY OF THE SHY LEADING LADY
—A SING-SONG GIRL"ME DAMN MISLABLE"—THE PROFESSIONAL STORY-TELLER AND
THE MOVIE-MANTWO CHEERY LADS—THE DRAGON EMPEROR AND THE
TIGER GENERALTHE EMPRESS—THE PRIME MINISTER AND
THE HOME SECRETARY?

A LITTLE MUSIC IN THE HOME

These pictures of how they make a movie-talkie in Peking have the great recommendation of novelty, for they are the first recorded instances. Almost every Oriental is a born play-actor, and the Chinese film-actor is only one step farther on from the Devil Dancer of Tibet. The title of the film, we gather, was "The Fight Between the Dragon Emperor and the Tiger General," and the leading lady was so shy that she would not be taken for "The Tatler"—so a Sing-Song girl kindly officiated. This is rather different from the attitude of Western leading ladies. The actual result of the fight between the Dragon and the Tiger has not been communicated



THE SCOTSMAN WHO HAD HIS MONEY'S WORTH

By H. M. Bateman



SKATING: 1820.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820 — Still going Strong

SKATING: The first skates, they say, were made from the metacarpal bones of animals, strapped to the feet. Lingay Fen had not then been thought of.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL

An impression by A. Davis

The Chelsea Arts Club Annual Ball was held at the Royal Albert Hall last night, New Year's Eve, and was magnificently organised by Mr. Sherwood Foster. The general theme was Noah's Ark. Fancy dress was compulsory for men, but Venetian cloaks were permitted as a helpful "get out." There were three dance bands under the direction of P. S. Clabon Glover, and the ball's general magnificence surpassed even its own best. There is no record in history of a dragon having been one of Noah's passengers, but he made a striking splash of colour in the ball-room



STAR OF THE

By Arild Rosen



OF THE EAST

By Arild Rosenkrantz

PLAYER'S AIRMAN TOBACCOS

SOLD IN 1oz. 2oz. & 4oz. PACKINGS

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PER OZ.



AIRMAN MIXTURE
AIRMAN NAVY CUT
AIRMAN FLAKE

AIRMAN GOLDEN
HONEYDEW
AIRMAN BROWN
HONEYDEW



—AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

By Dora Shackell



THE SILVER SPELL

Drawn by Douglas Wales

THIS FOX-HUNTING BUSINESS



(Left to right) SIR HUMPHREY AND LADY DE TRAFFORD, LADY DUNCOMBE, CAPTAIN H. T. MORTON, THE COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY, AND MRS. RALPH LAMPTON AT A WHADDON CHASE APPOINTMENT AT HULCOTT



Truman Howell
MRS. WORSLEY-WORSWICK AND LORD ACTON HUNTING WITH THE WHEATLAND

Truman Howell
WITH SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN'S:
SIR EDWARD AND LADY HANMER

Truman Howell
AT A SOUTH SHROPSHIRE MEET: THE
HON. MRS. WHITAKER AND MISS MEYRICK

Notwithstanding successive attacks by flood, fog, and frost, hunting suffered no real interruption during the first two months of the season, and in many countries sport has been unusually good. This is certainly the case with the Whaddon Chase, and it is the best possible news that Lord Rosebery is not, after all, resigning the mastership of this first-class pack of hounds. As is well known, he is a star across a country, and Lady Rosebery, too, is invariably at the top of a hunt. Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford, usually in Leicestershire at this time of year, have been out several times lately with the Whaddon. Lady Duncombe is Sir Everard Duncombe's wife. Lord Acton was out with the Wheatland when they met at The Lye, and Sir Edward and Lady Hanmer, who are within reach of both the Cheshire and Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn's hounds, were hunting with the latter from Cockshutt. Mrs. James Whitaker, Lord Forester's daughter, is the wife of the Master of the South Shropshire

WITH THE COTTESMORE AT BROOKE PRIORY

VISCOUNTESS EBRINGTON, PETER ROLLO,
AND A FRIEND FROM THE SHETLANDSMRS. CLAYTON, THE HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY FANE, MISS MOLLY GRETTON,
AND CAPTAIN THE HON. LANCELOT LOWTHER

MRS. WHALEY WITH PETER AND DAVID



LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO



LORD MOLYNEUX AND MRS. JAMES BAIRD

A hard frost had preceded the Cottesmore's Brooke Priory appointment, consequently the going was distinctly tricky, and though hounds hunted well on an indifferent scent the day's sport was very mediocre. One of the biggest social successes of the occasion was a minute Shetland pony to whom Peter Rollo, Lady Kathleen Rollo's son, and Peter and David Whaley are much attached. The two last named are the sons of Major and Mrs. H. E. Whaley of Ashwell Lodge, near Oakham. Mrs. Clayton, a distinguished wearer of the Pytchley white collar, is the daughter of that famous sportsman the late Colonel Anstruther-Thompson. Her father was Master of the Pytchley when the Waterloo run made hunting history. Several other sporting personalities feature on this page, all of them too well known to need a detailed description



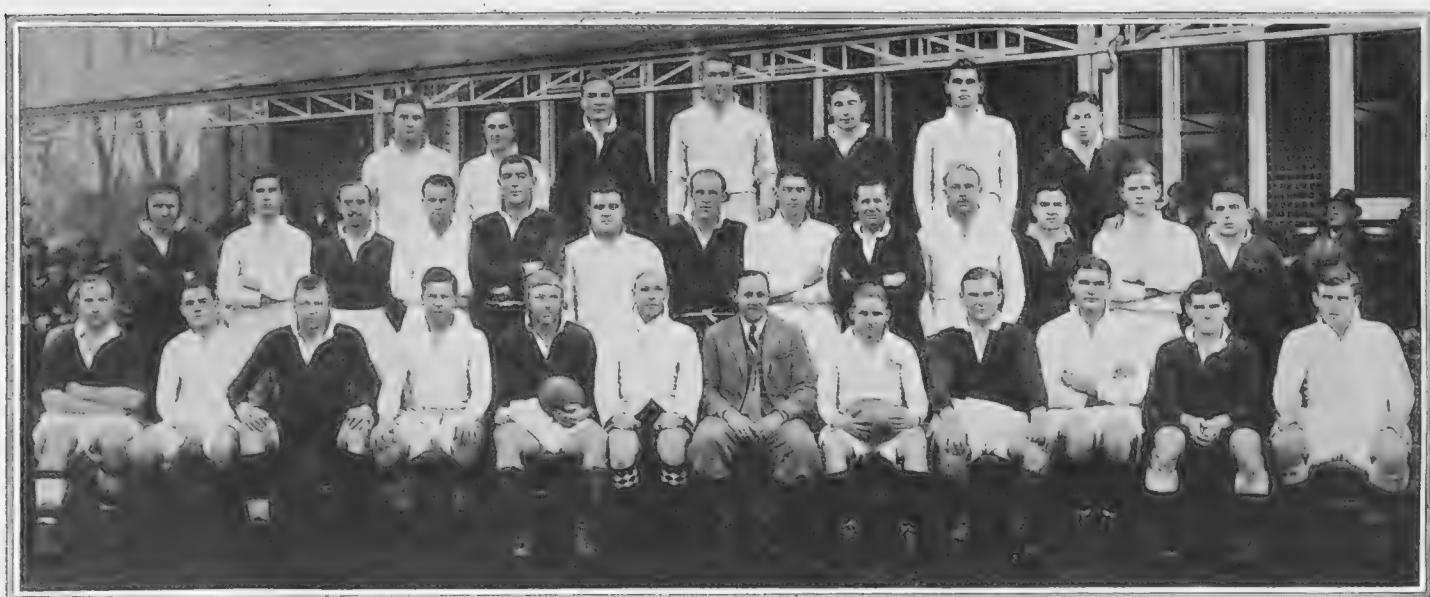
CORINNE GRIFFITH IMPERSONATES "HIGH SPEED"
AND (INSET) HER CHARMING SELF

Beautiful Corinne Griffith, who is called "the orchid lady of the screen," becomes a "lily of the field" in her forthcoming production directed by Alexander Korda. In her rôle of a show-girl she takes part in a modernistic ballet mechanique and will be seen in silver tights representing the figure of Speed on a radiator cap of a gigantic automobile. The other members of the ballet are dressed to represent wheels, cylinders, electricity, and various parts of machinery. The men represent robots. Before commencing her screen career on the films Corinne Griffith was a professional dancer. The inset off-stage picture was taken at Malibu Beach, California. Corinne Griffith is the wife of Walter Morosco, the film director

"The Lilies
of the
Field"
Film and
Its
Robot
Ballet



RUGBY RAMBLINGS



CAMBRIDGE v. MR. GREENWOOD'S XV—THE COMBINED TEAMS

R. S. Crisp

A group which will be of reminiscent interest to everyone in it. Cambridge only just won this match by 27 points to 25

The names are divided into teams, and not as they sit in the picture, and are as follows: Cambridge University XV—J. G. Askew, A. Tallant, T. H. Tilling, F. H. Waters (Hon. Sec.), W. G. Morgan (Captain), J. J. A. Embleton, P. W. P. Brook, S. M. Saunders-Jacobs, A. W. Walker, G. M. Greenwood, D. M. Marr, G. E. Valentine, E. B. Pope, H. M. Bowcott, H. E. Carris, J. E. Greenwood's XV—H. E. Browning, W. E. Tucker, Sir T. G. Devitt, R. B. R. Turnbull, J. A. Roberts, W. G. Taylor, T. E. Jones-Davies, W. W. Wakefield (Captain), W. H. Sobe, D. J. Macmyn, T. E. Morel, W. R. F. Collis, D. C. Ryder, G. B. Coghlan, A. M. Dixon, M. G. V. Carey, Referee, Mr. J. E. Greenwood

DURHAM School is very much in the picture nowadays, with its blues and its Internationals. C. D. Aarvold and R. W. Smeddle brought off the double last season, and though the former is abroad and the latter has to some extent lost his form it is possible that either J. G. Askew or J. C. Adamson may do the trick this year. Both certainly cannot, at any rate in the match *v.* Wales, as they are candidates for the same position—full-back.

They were of course on opposite sides in the 'Varsity match, and the Cantab, the less famous of the two, was clearly the better man on the day. But it would not be surprising to see Adamson reverse the positions if he gets another chance, for he has been playing well all the season. He might have been given a show at Gloucester, where several young gentlemen with not the slightest chance of ever playing for England were allowed to disport themselves.

An old Durham boy of a former generation was also a full-back, and one of the best of modern days. That is B. S. Cumberlege, better known as "Cumber," or "Barry," nowadays one of the most efficient of referees. He got his blue at Cambridge as a scrum-half, and if the truth must be told he was not very impressive in that capacity. But his chance came after the War, when he turned out at full-back for the Mother Country in the Imperial Services Tournament. He very quickly showed that he had all the attributes of a great full-back, a safe field and catch, a beautiful kick, and a tackler with a splendid knowledge of how to get his man.

"Cumber" played seven good games for England, and was then the victim of one of the gravest errors the England selectors have made for years. In 1922 England were heavily defeated at Cardiff in a mud-worry which only resembled

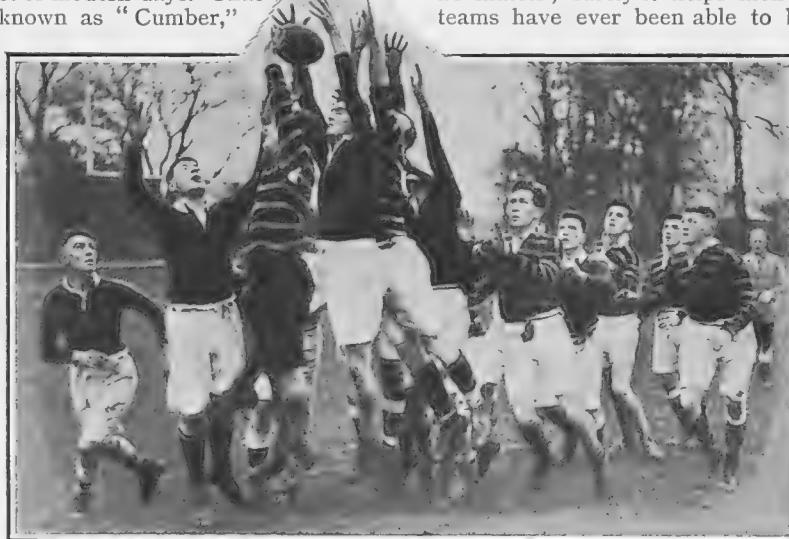
Rugby in a few minor characteristics. The Welshmen were thoroughly entitled to their victory, for on the day they were by far the better side in all respects, and they adapted themselves to the terrible conditions, which was more than the Englishmen could do. But it was not real Rugby, and very little notice should have been taken of it. Cumberlege had not played at all a bad game, but he was one of those selected for sacrifice and was dropped forthwith. For some seasons thereafter England was represented by full-backs who were not in the same class as the old Durham boy.

As a referee "Cumber" has been an unqualified success. He was bold enough at the start to strike out on his own, and he has been strong enough to maintain his independent attitude. He has no axe to grind, and probably doesn't care two hoots whether he is given a big match or not. He has his critics, some people say he talks too much, but I have never been able to see why a referee should not give the reason for the penalties he inflicts; surely it helps men to get on with the game. No teams have ever been able to bustle him yet, and he is by no means a "home" referee.

In the recent 'Varsity match two Durham boys were opposite numbers on the wing, R. W. Smeddle, the Cambridge International, and C. F. Cardale, who was playing his first big match. The new boy watched the old hand very carefully, and had none the worse of the duel. They tackled each other whole-heartedly, and the fact of their being old schoolfellows did not affect their relationship. Smeddle has missed his old centre, C. D. Aarvold, this season, and has hardly maintained his form. Aarvold looked like becoming the centre England has been looking for for years, and he may yet fulfil these hopes when he returns from abroad.

It is not particularly surprising that Durham

(Continued on p. vi)



THE HAWICK GREENS v. MELROSE

Brydon

The Hawick Greens were still leading in the Scottish Rugby Championship and Border League fixtures when this picture was taken. In their twelfth game they had their twelfth consecutive win. The match was at Melrose *v.* Melrose, and was played in a storm of wind and rain. The result was Hawick 10 points, Melrose 7 points



THE WORTHINGTON KENNEL CLUB

meeting on Sunday morning at the "Five Bells"



The boss keeps Nelson behind the bar when the house is open. Says he's as sweet-natured as a little child; but the way nervous strangers jump when they catch sight of him hurts his feelings. Once, when a race tough started making trouble, boss opened the flap and murmured: "England expects—." Before he got to "dooty," Nelson had boarded the enemy and hauled down most of his rigging. Quiet dog, as a rule. Snores. When somebody says: "Well, who's for a Worthington?" Nelson goes on snoring. There's nothing else quite like him in our village.

Pictures in the Fire

By
"SABRETACHE"

SOME of the things the Poor Foxhunter has to suffer:

Noble Lord to Lovely Diana, a stranger in the country:

"And how did you like the burst they went over Toptoft?"

L.D.: "Oh, yes, that bit! Would have been all right if it had not been like a bird-cage with wire!"

N.L. (who is also Chairman of the Hunt Committee): "Oh, yes, Toptoft is my property!"

* * *

Another cross which M.F.H.'s have had to bear more or less recently has been brought to my notice. He had just taken over from a predecessor who believed that anything was justified so long as he showed his quite unruly field a gallop every time he went out. The new M.F.H., who had never been brought up on bagmen and painted foxes, was aghast when he received a letter from a famous firm in Leadenhall Market, which specialised in live stock, saying that they hoped for a continuance of the hunt's patronage, and that they could supply foxes at prices to the dozen which would compare more than favourably with any competitor's quotations. I have not heard what the new M.F.H.'s reply was, but knowing him I can imagine that it was extremely terse.



A COLLECTION OF CELEBRITIES AT BADEN-BADEN

Baden has now regained almost all its pre-War popularity, and when this was taken it was pretty full. Numbering off from the left of the picture the names are: Baroness Frankenberg, Douglas Fairbanks, the Maharani of Cooch Behar, Lord and Lady Castlerosse, Mary Pickford, Baroness Allard, and Major von Frankenberg. The picture was taken in front of the golf club-house

minor, in spite of his tender age, stuck to it well. The great attraction about this pack was the way in which every unit threw its tongue, so different from some packs which, no doubt, some of us have struck, which say very little about it even when there is a scent which smells to heaven.

* * *

Whilst we are having the eyebrows blown off us and getting soaked to the teeth any time we venture abroad either on four legs or two it is nice

to hear from people in other parts of the world where things are rather different, and a pal (unknown, excepting on paper) writes to me from Sherborne West, Nicholson, South Rhodesia:—

Here is the compliments of the season to you, as I suppose this will arrive about Christmas-time, from an exile in Rhodesia. I get THE TATLER every week, and am very interested in your articles re horses, as they are my favourites, and riding is my hobby and method of getting about. Have unearthed some snaps of the horses.

Prince is a nice ride and very quiet for a stallion. He can do his thirty miles a day and not turn a hair. I never had either ponies shod. They get grazing, hay at night, and 5 lb. each a day of maize. The snap was taken of me in "best clothes" in the cold weather; my usual garb is khaki drill trousers and shirt to match, and large soft felt hat, and you can do with 'em now as it is just before our rainy season ought to commence; whether it will I don't know, only the mercury is about 105-108 in the shade midday, and about 150 in the sun.

People and papers crack up Nairobi for hunting, but I bet just as good and a lot cheaper hunting is to be had around here, and during the winter, camping and hunting with a wagon as one's home is not to be beaten.

We have kuddo, sable, roan, tsabbie eland, sometimes wildebeeste, zebra, roe-buck, reed-buck; stenbok, denker klipspringer, and wild ostriches; duck, partridges, pheasants, guinea-fowl; porcupine, wild pig (two sorts), leopards, lions, elephants, wild dogs, jackals, hyenas, but they are too fly to be shot.

A magazine '303, '333, or '375 are useful, using nickel and lead-tipped bullets and a good strong shot-gun, in which one can use destructive ball cartridge, an ordinary brass and paper shell with a lead shell containing about one dozen AAA slugs in it—it stops what it hits! and with a good gun is supposed to be effective up to 70 yards. Personally I think 50 yards would be its range.

We never go "spooing" up game. We go out in the back, and nine times out of ten come across something in an hour or two, and that is on a farm. The natives are poor at tracking as a rule, and a first-class dog is worth its weight in gold.



ABOARD THE S.Y. "ETHLEEN"

Mr. Claude Grahame-White, the owner, Madame De la Court, and Madame Schon. The "Ethleen" was lying in the Gulf of Lyons when this little work of art was executed

THOSE IN QUEST OF
THE HEALTHIEST
SMARTEST AND MOST
ATTRACTIVE RESORT
SHOULD FIX THEIR
CHOICE ON
MONTE-CARLO

THE 1929-1930 WINTER
SEASON PROGRAMME WILL
SURPASS ALL OTHERS
FOR BEAUTY, SPLENDOUR
AND CHARM

MONTE-CARLO GOLF CLUB
ON THE SLOPES OF MONT-AGEL
FULL 18 HOLE COURSE





Stage Photo Co.
MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY AND MISS MARY GREW IN
"TYphoon"

Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry plays Mr. Laurence Irving's old rôle of Tokeramo and Miss Mary Grew plays the European Geisha, Mrs. Laurence Irving's old part, Hélène Laroche, in this revival of the Hungarian Melchior Lengyel's play, which has come in from the provinces to the new Duchess Theatre. Tokeramo strangles Hélène when she tells him she loathes him, and there is also a suggestion that he kills her because he believes she is a spy

IT was an internment camp in Germany, and the soldier had watched the post in vain for days and weeks, but nothing ever came for him. All his mates got parcels and letters, but he seemed to have been forgotten by all. At last he could stand it no longer, and in desperation got paper and envelopes and wrote:

"Dear God, please send me £10." He addressed the envelope, "God, Heaven."

The German authorities, with unusual humour, sent it to the English War Office.

When it arrived it caused a great deal of amusement, and the men in the department subscribed between them and collected £3, which they despatched to the soldier prisoner of war.

They received an acknowledgment, also addressed to "God, Heaven." The reply said:

"Dear God, many thanks for sending the money, but next time do not send it through the War Office, as the blighters pinched £7."

* * *

The whole family had assembled on the quayside to see the elder sister off, who was going to Paris to finish her education. As the youngest child was saying farewell, she looked up at the departing member of the family and said, "I suppose when you come back you'll be a complete Parisite!"

* * *

A student was up for examination for the Navy. The admiral beamed upon him genially, and proceeded to question him. "Whom do you regard as the three finest British sailors?" he asked.

"Er—Nelson, sir—er, Drake, sir, and, er, I beg your pardon, sir, but I did not quite catch your name as I came in!"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

"I hear that you are not going to marry that young man to whom rumour says you are engaged," said the girl's friend.

"Well," was the reply, "father thinks he isn't rich enough, and mother thinks he is too old for me. Aunt Mary thinks he is too good-looking to make a good husband, and Uncle Joe says he has heard 'things' about him."

"But what do you think about it?" persisted the other.

"Oh, I think I shall wait until he asks me."

* * *

Another Irishism! Having had considerable trouble with his three lodgers, Pat decided to rebuke them when he saw them in the morning.

"You three are a nice pair!" he said. "If you're going to stop here you'll have to clear out, for you didn't come home again last night until this morning!"

* * *

It was Christmas Eve, and the grocer was busy serving customers, but he noticed a small boy standing near an open box of sweet biscuits.

"Now then, my lad," said the grocer, "what are you up to?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Well, it looks as if you were trying to take a biscuit."

"You're wrong, mister; I'm trying not to."

* * *

The teacher was trying to show a small boy how to read with expression.

"Where are you going?" Johnny read, with no accent whatever.

"Try that again," said the teacher. "Read as if you were talking. Notice that mark at the end."

Johnny studied the question mark a moment, and an idea dawned upon him. "Where are you going, little button-hook?" he asked triumphantly.



Frank Davis

MISS BENITA HUME

Who is playing opposite lead to Mr. Ivor Novello in "Symphony in Two Flats" at the Apollo is also a very well-known English cinema actress and made her screen debut in 1917 when she was only ten years old.

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Two superb coats of very fine natural Canadian Mink with slim, graceful lines.

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Natural Moire Seal-skin trimmed with Opossum to tone (as illustrated)—brown Persian Lamb and Fox—Calfskin and Snow Leopard—natural Musquash—and many other models originally priced from 29 gns. to 69 gns.

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15 GUINEAS



Beautiful Moleskin capes of picked winter skins, perfectly worked and modelled. Originally 19 gns. to 29 gns.
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Seal Musquash and Sable Squirrel (as illustrated)—and about thirty other models in Persian Lamb and Sable Squirrel—beige Lamb and Fox—natural Greenland Seal and Fox—brown Seal and Fox. Originally 59 gns. to 69 gns.
SALE PRICE
39 GUINEAS

END OF SEASON

SALE

A Vickery model at a quarter its usual price! Was there ever such an opportunity? Come and see for yourself these exquisite furs . . . conveniently arranged in groups according to their new prices. For this is a real sale—only Vickery's own creations are offered you. They have been amazingly reduced in order to make room for his new season's models.

Twelve Mink and Sable-dyed Kolinsky ties, made from four perfect skins with tails and paws. Originally 12 gns.

SALE PRICE
7½ GUINEAS



PETROL VAPOUR :

By
W. G. ASTON.

"Omne Ignotum."

HERE was in my time at Malvern College a small boy—the sort of thrusting bespectacled little beast who won't accept as gospel what his betters tell him—(probably High Commissioner for a territory about twice as big as Australia, by now)—and when our beloved "Berridger" was giving a lecture upon Physics, Heat, Light, Sound, and all the rest of it, he piped up and wanted to know (which reminds me that he was a nasty little day-bug) why, on a frosty morning, the nickel-plated handle-bars of his bike felt so cold, whilst the cork grips at the end of them seemed quite warm. Our beloved science master (still going strong, as I rejoice to think) explained that this affair reposed upon variations in the conductivity of different materials. It was a glorious explanation, and I believe I had carved the best part of my name in a desk before it was over. It completely satisfied young Spectacles, who then said: "Why, sir, there seems to be a reason for almost everything." From that time forth I got the idea that this was a profound truth, but the other day, or, to be precise, the other night, something occurred which tended to shake my faith in it. Upon a car of unblemished reputation, consigned to me for trial, I was driving home from the Golf Club, upon a road that is familiar to the verge of satiety. Like the immortal Mr. Edward Challoner of "The Dynamiter," I was "in a profound abstraction, bitterly reviewing, and repenting" my performances at contract bridge. Not that I had been playing the ass, but the cards just would not come, so that my opponent's score reared itself skywards like the sails of a full-rigged ship. As a very old pal o' mine once observed, "If you ain't got the tickets, boy, why you just ain't got 'em. But as to one thing I'll give you a tip. When you're playin' dominoes for big money, *always* order a plate o' buttered toast. After a couple o' deals you oughter 'ave all the matadors marked accordin' to the Bertillon system; and as soon as that's done, the rest's easy. Once I run up against a pilgrim as was workin' the same plant with chocolate biscuits, but Lord, I'd changed 'is number plates before 'e knew where 'e was. There's nothing like honest English butter." But I'm digressing most horribly . . . which is what the car did. I came to a turn, applied a light pressure to the brake-pedal, turned the steering-wheel in the requisite direction . . . and went straight on into a most ghastly mess of grass and bumperation. The first instinct of the human being is to suspect himself. I had not supposed I was tight, but you never know what can happen, and it is so many years since a car got out of hand that I thought it must be my fault. (Let me assure you that it absolutely and definitely was *not*.) "Que ferai-je?" said I. Obviously, slip in reverse. The

wheels went "wuzzle-wuzzle-wuzzle-wizzle-wup." Now, manifestly, try her forward. The wheels went "wuzzle-wuzzle-wuzzle-wip." Back again. "Wuzzle, wuzzle." Forward once more. "Wizzle." One final go in reverse. "Wup." "Double," I said, "and be damned to you." And set out down that moonlit lane that in a little over a couple of miles would bring me to a garrison. And I had gone about two hundred yards when a horrible thought struck me. There were two valuable suit-cases in the car, one of them of the super-fitted Asprey-Finnigan-Vuitton-Pound variety. The other merely containing things of utility. Could I leave them to chance, the moonlight, and the inquisitive paper-delivering-boy on the bike? Certainly I could not take them along with me. So I went back and cachéd them in

what I have the best of reasons for believing was a bed of most vigorous nettles. Yes, in reply to your question, I instantly got an ambulance car at the garrison. It instantly pulled me out, I instantly went off upon my way, still cursing a partner who went "one club" without three Quick Tricks, and just as I entered my gates realised that the suit-cases were still be-nettled. Honest men are born to be misunderstood. Horribly, horribly late for dinner I was that night. But that was only a trifle. The thing that worried me was why any car, least of all a car of a great reputation, could do such a silly thing. Mrs. P. V. and the Girls had made me humble and contrite, and in this state I concluded that it was all my fault. That distressful feeling lasted about four-and-twenty hours, at the expiration of which period that bally car did exactly the same bally thing again. We were cruising very quietly round a left-hand turn of some sharpness. I touched the brake pedal . . . and behold we went straight on. This time not so good; for I had a lady passenger. Her head went forward into the screen, which, not being Splintex, smashed to smithereens.

We lurched over a drainage gully with a most ghastly bump, and we fetched up in a 4-ft. ditch (running like a river, it was) with the dumb-irons beautifully buried in the further bank. I got up early next morning to gather up the fragments. The road was a deserted one, and the marks of the wheels were clearly visible. For 20 yards the front wheels had gone sideways. It did not want very much intelligence to read that story. But why, why, WHY? "There is a reason for almost everything," and I can think of a reason for this. Namely, that too much of the braking was concentrated upon the front wheels, the same having rather worn-out treads. It required but a touch, therefore, to get oneself into a front-wheel skid, than which I know nothing more abominable. Edgar Wallace is missing a chance if he does not use a murder car of this sort in one of his plots. Nothing could be more lethal.

(Continued on p. viii)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

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Photo, by
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Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

PROBABLY we should all be up on our toes with excitement over St. Andrew's sanction of the use of steel shafts for golf clubs. Are the revolutionaries waving red flags of triumph because the Royal and Ancient have shown themselves thoroughly abreast with the demands of the times? Are we all dashing off to our professionals to order new sets of clubs? Have visions floated before our eyes of the wonderful golf we are all going to play in 1930? I doubt it. I doubt if any of these things are happening. The general opinion seems to be that golf with a steel shaft is no easier and no harder than it has been with anything else; that if we have been good golfers with hickory we shall be no better with steel; if we have been hopeless duffers with hickory, steel is not going to turn us into startling performers.

Ladies are generally accused of being very careless in the matter of their clubs, and perhaps it must be accepted as a true indictment. Whipping coming undone, grips worn, varnish cracked and thin, clubs discarded by some male relative, those were generally supposed to be the bag of the woman-golfer, even though she was distinguished as a player in exalted circles.

Miss Cecil Leitch was one of the first in this matter, as in many others, to bring about a fresh era. *Bien soigné* was the only way to describe her clubs, which were always in an absolute state of perfection and fitness for their job. How long she kept those which had hard work to do I do not know; at any rate one can be quite certain that no shaft was permitted to have a place in her bag after it had lost its required stiffness; no wooden club allowed to go on when it had grown light in the head through years of use.

There is no doubt some of us are all too careless in these matters. Golf is difficult enough without giving ourselves extra obstacles in the way of implements which are not of the best. Yet, after all, golf is only a game, and one has seen players go to the other extreme in caring for their clubs, neglecting to get out of wet clothes themselves while they dry the precious darlings, making life a burden in small ways by refusing to let any



Miss D. Stanhope and Miss J. Hill are members respectively of Royal Mid-Surrey and Surbiton. They were the runners-up in last year's Autumn Foursomes

hardened my heart; to-day I feel I could steam out of Perth, or any other station, and my heart would beat no quicker because my clubs were somehow on the platform instead of in the rack.

But this is heresy — not for the ears of the young golfer. By all means take care of good clubs when you have got them, and particularly if you are going to put them aside for a week or two just now, see that they are absolutely free from rust, give the shafts a thorough rub with linseed or salad oil, oil or vaseline the heads, and leave them standing upright (not leaning crooked against anything) in a dry place. All the year round a touch of linseed oil, or a good, sound rub with furniture polish is an excellent way of preserving the shafts. Only this should be applied before the shafts get wet, and not after.

While we are on the subject of clubs, dare one suggest that a great many people carry a great many too many? It is a confession of weakness, there is no doubt about it. On the whole the great players have few clubs but a wonderful choice of shots with each of them. The next grade have a plethora of clubs and a very limited repertory, perhaps only one shot with each club; and then we come down to the humble beginner who has possibly a brassie, an iron, a mashie, and a putter. I am quite sure that a great many people would play a great deal better if they went out armed with no more than that, and really played all the shots of which those clubs are capable. The indecision between very finely-graded irons is distracting, the difference in capability of those irons quite possibly a matter more of imagination than of anything else. Of course, imagination does have a most uncomfortably large say in the matter, but it is no good giving way to it, and a real mastery of a few clubs will repay the trouble taken in obtaining it, every time.

caddy handle the clubs in between rounds or to let any porter place them in a railway carriage.

In young days one has been guilty oneself. I own up about it. Never shall I forget my state of youthful dismay when, steaming out of Perth Station in a London express, I saw my beloved clubs, never before allowed to travel alone, reposing on the platform, and knew full well that they would have to follow me by themselves. The discovery that they did so quite unharmed



Distinguished members of Chantilly : La Comtesse d'Harambure and Miss Diana Esmond. Miss Esmond won the Girls' Championship in 1926



Left to right : Miss Sanderson, Mrs. Robert Fleming, the Hon. Mrs. Algernon Borthwick, and Mrs. Walter Burt, who all belong to that flourishing concern the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association. Mrs. Borthwick is Lord Whitburgh's sister-in-law



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Jay's Sale is a genuine sale. All the Furs, Gowns, Coats, Sports Clothes, Hats, Stockings, Gloves and accessories offered at such amazingly low prices, are of the high quality for which Jay's are famous.

PARIS MODELS under half price!

The entire collection of Paris model gowns and wraps are included in the Sale, often at *less than half-price* and always at prices far below the actual cost of the Model. Retained for copying throughout the season, they must now make way for the new creations of the Spring.

Hundreds of Bargains like these!

COATS AND WRAPS

Original O'Rossen model of beige fancy suiting. Long roll collar of natural musquash flank. Lined crêpe-de-Chine. Originally 28 gns.

Sale price 16½ gns.

Lovely white and silver evening wrap coat with collar and cuffs of sable dyed fur.

Originally 35 gns. *Sale price* 18½ gns.

DAY AND EVENING FROCKS

Ready-to-Wear Department Second Floor

Tailored day-frock in fawn and white tweed-like suiting with a detachable slip in white crêpe-de-Chine. Originally 8½ gns.

Sale price 6½ gns.

Black and white crêpe-de-Chine ensemble with a finger length coatee. The bodice of white crêpe-de-Chine is worked with French stitching and the black skirt is box-pleated all round.

Originally 18 gns. *Sale price* 7 gns.

SPORTS SUITS

Ground Floor

Two-piece suit in tweed and stockinette. The jumper is trimmed with tweed to match the skirt and is finished with a belt.

Originally 9½ gns. *Sale price* 7½ gns.

A very smart three-piece suit of fancy ondamoussa trimmed with a fancy angora stripe.

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STOCKINGS AND GLOVES

English made silk hose with neat pointed heels. In various colours with or without clocks. Very slightly sub-standard. Usually 13/9

Sale price a pair 8/6

Real Peccory Hog hand-sewn gloves. Lined with wool. Usual price 21/-.

Sale Price a pair 18/6

JAY'S LTD REGENT STREET W1



"The stranger, framed in the doorway, raised a hand in benediction"

NOËL. By Julian Street.

AT ten o'clock young Brown turned in his story, put on his overcoat, and started down the creaking wooden stairs of the old newspaper building in the Rue du Louvre.

American acquaintances had invited him to join them in a gay Christmas Eve at Zelli's, but to-night he felt that Montmartre with its crowds and jazz would be intolerable. Letters received this morning from his mother and his sister back in Evansville, telling of their Christmas plans, had stirred memories of his youth at home, and now, wishing to be alone, he turned in the direction of the humble restaurant near the Halles, where he most often dined.

The night wind, cruelly cold, sweeping between the ancient house-fronts of the Rue Coquilliére, gave him a sense of something eerie and alive in the unpeopled street, and the hollow echo of his footsteps on the dry flagstones was like the sound of another pair of feet following close behind. The huge sheds of the Central Markets, soon to be teeming with nocturnal energy, loomed black and deserted as he hurried past, and beyond them the old gray church of St. Eustache, massed against a moonless sky, seemed to brood against the lesser buildings nestling roundabout. Of these but one showed lighted windows, and Brown, led by their hospitable glow, crossed the cobbled street and entered.

"Is it that you come late for dinner or early for supper, Monsieur Brown?" Smiling, the proprietor of the little restaurant advanced across his sawdust-covered floor, and Brown, slipping from his overcoat, dropped wearily to a seat on the *banquette*.

While waiting for his dinner he listened idly to the conversation of two thick-set men, evidently proprietors of neighbouring market stalls. Finding their talk of politics uninteresting he turned his attention to another pair whose blue smocks proclaimed them farmers.

"What you call 'religion,'" one of them was saying, "is only a great mass of superstition, and all this nonsense about Christmas is a part of it." The speaker, a gaunt, leathery man with a beak-like nose, gazed with a kind of ferocity into the gentle blue eyes of his rotund companion. "It is superstition built up by the rich and by the priests to make fools of us poor, and part us from our hard-earned money."

"If religion were only superstition," protested the younger man, "it could not have lasted through these hundreds of years."

"Haven't the old peasants believed for hundreds of years in goblins and ghosts? The Christ legend, like the rest, is only a folk-story."

"You would be happier, my friend, if you had faith."

"I am interested only in what is true. Was the distance from my farm to the markets any shorter to-night because it is Christmas Eve? On the contrary the infernal wind made it seem longer. And if any saints and angels came down to warm my hands they did their work poorly."

"Well, at least we can both enjoy the material benefits of Christmas," said the younger man conciliatingly. "To-morrow all Paris will be feasting, and that means good trade for us to-night."

"A little extra money," said the other bitterly, "which our wives will beg away for finery, and to give to the *curé* for the lazy poor."

He was still inveighing against Christmas when, with the arrival of a steaming *pot au feu*, Brown ceased to listen, his thoughts turning again toward home.

There came to him a vision of his mother's cottage, with the big fir tree in the front yard, its dark branches weighted down with snow. In the bay-window of the parlour stood the Christmas tree glittering with tinsel and bright baubles, and by the fire-place hung stockings lumpy with surprises for his sister's children who, this morning, would come rushing down as he and Helen did on Christmas mornings long ago.

(Continued on p. iv)

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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE.

For Twelve Days.

Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street, W.) sale is for a fortnight, and begins on Monday next; all the Parisian models have had their prices literally slaughtered. For instance, there is a grey georgette dress, quite long, in accordance with Fashion's latest commands, for 18½ guineas, original price 50 guineas. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that there are no two models alike. In the sports wear department there are models with Milanese dresses and long coats for 12 guineas, and model jumper suits in stockinette, etc., for 8 guineas. Soft Mocha-finished skin gloves, lined with wool and trimmed with fur, are 7s. 11d., and French suède ones with elastic wrists are 6s. 11d.

* * *

For One Week.

The time is short, but the bargains are unprecedented at Harrods' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) one-week sale which begins on Monday next. There are tailored coat frocks for £3 3s., and moiré afternoon ones for 50s. Evening ensembles of georgette with coatees collared with fur are 70s.; the two-tiered skirts dip at the back to harmonise with the coatee. Furthermore there are 200 coats of tweed and cloth for 39s. 6d., golf cardigans are 20s. Then, incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact, that there are 1,000 pairs of patent leather shoes at half price, viz., 10s.

* * *

A Great Clearance Sale.

Bradley's (Chepstow Place, W.) great clearance sale begins on Monday next, the 6th inst., and continues throughout the month. Included in it are fourteen redingotes in different colours for 4½ guineas, original price 10 guineas, and sixteen coats and skirts have had their prices reduced from 10 to 6 guineas. A French model gown in white moiré handsomely embroidered with diamanté and pearls is 6 guineas instead of £40. Another model gown in rose chiffon is 7 guineas instead of £30. Standing out with prominence in the domain of dressing-gowns are multi-coloured travelling wraps for 29s. 6d., while those of Paisley crêpe de

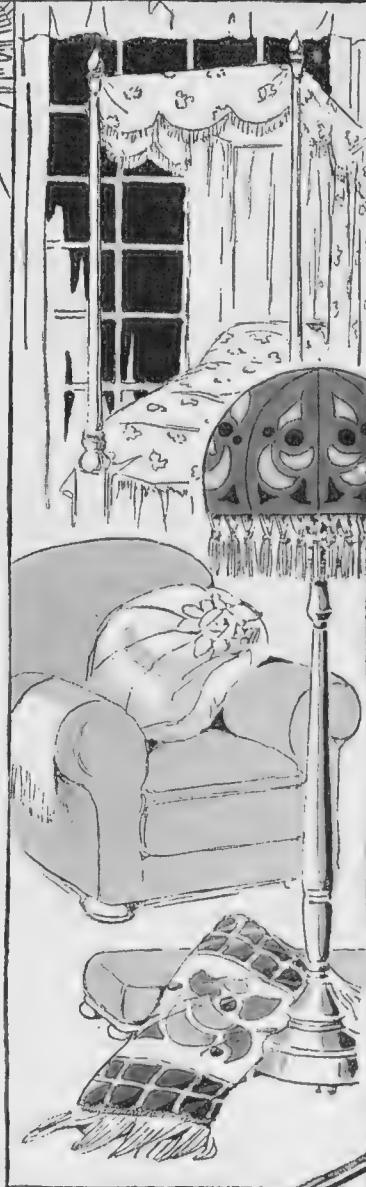
(Continued on p. ii)



Hats like these from Gooch's, Knightsbridge, S.W., will represent the acme of smartness on the Riviera and southern countries. The double felt hat at the top is noteworthy on account of its lightness and the colour schemes in which it is available, the one on the right is of Bangkok, while the one on the left is of fine straw. (See p. ii)

Notable Bargains in the Sales.

EVERY woman who understands the art of dressing well values the winter sales; they are exceptionally welcome this year, as on account of the mild although tempestuous weather the acquisition of winter raiment has been postponed. True economy may be effected by studying these pages as the notable bargains are mentioned, and of course all and sundry must write for the illustrated catalogues as they are worthy of careful study. Many of the sales are in progress, while others do not begin until Monday next.



"Most Women Do" is a booklet that is full of useful information about the Achille Serre way of cleaning and dyeing. They have agencies almost everywhere. Their G.H.Q. is Blackhorse Lane, Walthamstow

Christmas gifts which took the form of money may be laid out to advantage at Lilly and Skinner's, Oxford Street, W. Here is some fur-trimmed footwear for the bedroom and boudoir as well as a smart moiré shoe for evening wear with embroidered satin strap





CRYSSIA

JEWELLERY for 1930

.... a brilliant idea. To have for those pleasant everyday affairs, jewels that are original and modern and lovely—yet REPRODUCTIONS. Fashion with more than its usual commonsense says "yes." And thus such a collection as Crysia's becomes full of delightful possibilities.

They are designed in Paris, these dramatic leaders of the New Jewellery. Designed in fact, by the very men who amaze Europe and America with pieces that cost a prince's ransom. Crysia in Paris and London present bracelets and necklets and rings, startlingly similar at the price of a generous evening's entertainment.

LADY ERROLL WRITES:

"I find Crysia gems more than perfect. So perfect in fact that absolutely nobody I know can tell the difference between my Crysia onyx and diamond bracelet and diamond necklace, and my real ones. In what better way can I possibly recommend Crysia?"

At 109, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.—Let Crysia show you. A 239, RUE ST. HONORÉ, PARIS—on peut les voir aussi.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

chine are 59s. 6d. For further particulars of the gilt-edged investments that are being offered in this sale reference must be made to the catalogue; it will be sent gratis and post free. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the doors open at 10 a.m. on the first day. In order that the value represented in the fur coats and wraps may be appreciated a visit is essential; this is the only sale of furs that Bradley's hold throughout the entire year.

* * *

Hats for the South.

Although a sale is proceeding in the Gooch salons in Knightsbridge, they are showing some very charming millinery that is destined to be worn during the ensuing months in the south. Illustrated at the top of p. 46 is a double felt hat, the lower brim being of a different shade to the upper; it is available in many colour schemes, the cost being 69s. 9d. The model of which a back view is given is carried out in Bangkok and is £4 4s., while the *chef d'œuvre* on the left with pleats at the side is 3½ guineas. Neither must it be overlooked that there is a splendid collection of timbu straw hats for £2 2s. During the sale there will be a limited number of felt hats for 10s. It seems almost unnecessary to add that unique reductions have been made in the price of everything at this establishment.

* * *

Concerning Footwear.

And all in quest of footwear that pleases must wend their way to Lilly and Skinner, 358, Oxford Street, W. Illustrated on p. 46 are some particularly desirable affairs; there are the brocade bootees trimmed with fur for 29s. 6d., the brocade shoes trimmed with fur in a pochette for a guinea, and then there are the fur-lined suède ones enriched with embroidery for 16s. 9d. The evening shoe is of beige moire with embroidered satin straps. The ground floor of this establishment has recently been enlarged, and it is estimated that there are to be seen over 1,500 pairs of shoes. The interesting booklet will be sent gratis and post free.

* * *

To-day is the Day.

To-day is the day. In other words it is the day on which Dickins and Jones' (Regent Street, W.) winter sale begins. It is no exaggeration to say that the attractions are greater than ever. Included in it are short bridge or evening coats in black chiffon velveteen for 21s., and there is a collection of evening wraps for 98s. 6d., usual price 6½ guineas. The model gowns have been divided into groups, the prices being £5, £7, and £9. In the inexpensive dress department there are afternoon and evening dresses for 59s. 6d.

* * *

No Catalogue.

No catalogue is issued in connection with Peter Robinson's (Oxford Street, W.) winter sale, therefore a visit is essential. It begins on January 6 and terminates on the 18th. The goods are only marked down a few days before the sale. In every department the prices have been drastically reduced, not overlooking the men and boys' tailoring and outfitting sections, which are in the eastern building.

New Year's Day.

It is on New Year's Day that Jay's (Regent Street, W.) sale begins; the entire stock of the International Fur Store is included. There is a very rich harvest to be reaped in day and evening cloaks; there are tweed coats with fur collars for



A MAX MODEL COAT

Carried out in moleskin enriched with slate-coloured flying fox. It is included in Percy Vickery's (235, Regent Street, W.) winter sale, and is available for 39 guineas

5½ guineas, usual price 7½ guineas; a lovely white and silver evening wrap-coat with collar and cuffs of sable dyed fur is 18½ guineas, usual price 35 guineas. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact, that black chiffon frocks with underslips of beige crêpe de chine have had their prices reduced from 10½ to 3 guineas.

A Sale of Furs.

Another sale that begins on New Year's Day is that of Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, W. Who would not desire to own the coat illustrated on this page? It is a Max model and is built of moleskin enriched with slate-coloured flying squirrel, and the price, well, a few days ago it was 125 guineas, now it is 39 guineas. It really is well worth a visit to view. Furthermore there are a very few moleskin capes for 10 guineas, they were 19 guineas; they are sufficiently large for a woman who is decidedly stout, and the collars are very becoming. There is a 10-guinea assortment of coats, they were 35 guineas; another collection has nothing over 15 guineas, they were 69 guineas. A very wonderful bargain is a brown seal coat with two skin fox collar for 59 guineas. It is not until these models have been examined with care that the superior quality of the fur is appreciated.

* * *

For Men and Women.

Following their usual custom, Burberry's during the first month of the New Year are offering their entire stocks of garments accumulated during the past year, and others made up from short lengths at prices either a little above or below one-half their usual value. The world-famous Burberry weatherproof is reduced to 73s. 6d. Women's overcoats of fine quality tweeds and saxonies during the sale are from 4 and 5 guineas. Men's tweed top-coats are available at one half their usual price of 8 guineas. Lounge suits in hard-wearing Cheviot, Bannockburn, and other tweeds, usually priced at 9 guineas, may be secured for the modest sum of 84s., whilst ladies' tailored costumes are reduced from 10 and 12 guineas to 6½ guineas.

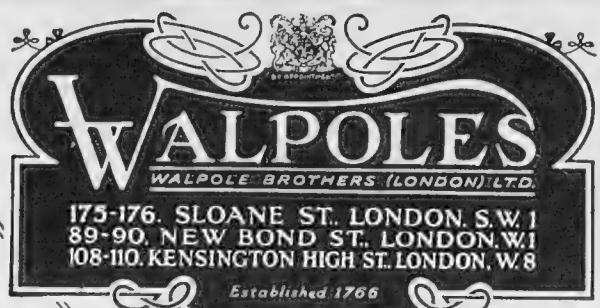
Even Greater Attractions Than Usual.

On account of the closing of the Manchester branch of H. J. Nicholl's there will be even greater bargains than usual at their salons at 120, Regent Street, W., during the winter sale which began on Monday, December 30. For instance, there are hats for 5s., weatherproofs for a guinea, overcoats 42s., ski-ing outfits for 73s. 6d. Furthermore there are 250 fur-trimmed coats in a variety of styles for 6 guineas, usual price from 9 to 10 guineas. On application this firm will gladly send their sale brochure gratis and post free.

* * *

Renowned Household Linens.

There is no doubt whatsoever about it that Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, Sloane Street, and Kensington High Street, W., have genuinely reduced all their prices in order to make room for new goods. There are pure Irish linen double damask tablecloths, 2 by 2 yards, for 31s. each. Handwoven and hem-stitched superfine linen sheets are 2½ by 3½, 95s. per pair, and pillow-cases to match, 12s. 9d. each. Again, there are 500 pairs of all-pure wool blankets for 25s. per pair.



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Smart Styles,
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Excellent Materials,
Perfect Workmanship
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Reductions**

An inspection will
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TT 48.
Young
Matron's Frock
in good quality
printed Crêpe-de-
Chine, perfectly cut by
our own workers on
becoming lines. In a great
variety of colours; please give
preference when ordering. Un-
equalled value at the
SALE PRICE of **69/6**

TT 16. Smart Crêpe-de-Chine
Frock, especially designed for the fuller
figure, cut on slimming lines, with detach-
able hand-worked Georgette vest. Night
Blue, Wine, Beech, Bottle.
SALE PRICE **94/6**

TT 30. Rich quality Velvet forms this
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appearing with distinction in Mr. John Galsworthy's fine play, "The Roof," at the Vaudeville Theatre, writes:—

"AFTER a strenuous time of rehearsals I was very tired and run down, as first-night nerves are shared from the stars to the least important members of the cast, and might lead to serious disappointments. I really felt I should never be able to carry on; then I remembered my old friend Phosferine Brand Tonic, and after taking a few doses my nerves began to steady, and feel rested almost at once, and by the time the play began I was quite cheerful and calm. Ever since, I have enjoyed vigorous health, and have plenty of freshness and energy for work, and now I always feel and look well, thanks to Phosferine Tonic."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE TONIC you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine Tonic is not a "drug." It contains no aspirin (acetyl salicylic acid), cannot affect the heart or teeth, and does not cause constipation. It is given to the children with equally good results.

The addition of a few drops of Phosferine Tonic to any soft drinks, such as lime juice, lemonade, etc., is very pleasant and most beneficial.

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Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
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Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size. Therefore you will save nearly 2/- by buying the larger size.

Aldwych

NOËL—continued.

Through his homesick musing he had gradually become aware of a conversation in progress near the door.

"I don't like to turn anyone away to-night," the proprietor was saying, "but it is impossible for me to give to all who come here asking food."

The man to whom he spoke was wrapped in a shabby grey cape, one end of which, thrown like a scarf across his chest and shoulder, concealed the lower portion of a face already shadowed by the wide brim of an old faded hat. In the murmured reply with which the stranger turned to go Brown caught a note of apology which stabbed him with its wistfulness, and he was about to speak when the younger farmer opposite forestalled him.

"No, no," he called, "he mustn't go! Let me pay for his *ragout*."

The conversation by the door had been barely audible, yet now everybody in the room was interested.

"I'll pay for his soup," spoke up one of the market men.

"And I his bread and cheese," mumbled the other from a full mouth, while Brown, to complete the repast, offered dessert.

As the proprietor led the stranger past the zinc-covered bar, behind which lay a small rear room, the gaunt farmer stared stubbornly at his plate, and the two had reached the entrance of the passage-way before he spoke.

"Here," he called after them, "he can have the rest of my wine."

Politely the proprietor dissented.

"No thank you, Monsieur, I cannot permit myself to be outdone by my clients. The wine is already provided."

The disgruntled one shrugged and looked at his companion.

"Well," he said sulkily, "there is Christmas for you!"

"Yes," replied the other, his blue eyes following the retreating pair, "there indeed is Christmas."

The proprietor presently returned.

"I would not have thought of sending him away," he explained to Brown apologetically, "but so many beggars come here, and at first I didn't realise his quality. He is an educated man, Monsieur, shabby but very clean. And so gentle. How does Monsieur find the wild boar?"

"Delicious."

"I serve it so every Christmas—cooked three days in Burgundy. But wait, Monsieur. I have a veritable surprise."

The surprise arrived in a platter that swam with burning brandy.

"Plum poudang à l'Americaine," announced its creator triumphantly.

"Superb," said Brown. "And now you must join me in an old *fine*." A dusty bottle was brought and the two touched glasses.

"Joyeaux Noël!"

"Midnight is near," said the host. "Soon we shall hear the great bells of St. Eustache."

He moved away, and Brown, sipping the last of his *fine*, pictured his mother and his sister opening the presents he had sent them. Would his mother like the beaded bag? Would Helen be impressed by the fashionable label in that gown?

A curious stillness in the room caused him to glance up. The other diners were staring toward the door, where stood the one who, hungry, had been fed.

His grey cape, open at the throat, hung in long folds like an ancient apostolic robe, and from the sensitive face, outlined by flowing locks and a soft brown beard, great eyes looked forth, sad and infinitely gentle. Behind the head was visible a misty radiance as the stranger framed in the doorway raised a hand in benediction.

"It shall not be forgotten."

He was gone, leaving over the room a breathless hush in which the world seemed to stand still. Involuntarily the diners had risen, and were now gazing at the empty doorway. The blue-eyed farmer made the sign of the Cross.

"My mother used to say," he murmured, "that always on Christmas Eve somewhere He is seen by men."

"When He passed," said another, "His footfalls made no sound."

"Because of the sawdust on the floor," muttered the gaunt farmer, and defiantly sat down.

"But," whispered one of the market men, "there was a light around His head."

"From that lantern on the church," replied the unbeliever stubbornly.

Brown leapt to the door. Unabated the cold wind swept through the ancient street, giving a sense of something eerie and alive in the unpeopled darkness.

The visitor had vanished. But now, suddenly, the air was shaken by a thunderous clangour as, peal on peal, the midnight bells rang out their Christmas paeon, joyous and triumphant.

In our issue of December 18 we referred to the Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn's house, stating that a dressing-table in her bedroom came from Paris. This was incorrect. The entire scheme of decoration was carried out by Osborne of Grafton Street, W., and the dressing-table in question was a product of their workshop.



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Perfection

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THE first and greatest marvel of the Selector All-Electric is its tone. Never before has music or singing or speaking been treated so kindly. The moving coil loud-speaker just seems to take them up and give them out absolutely truthfully, absolutely faithfully, and yet somehow so enriched and fortified that it is sheer delight to listen.

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Attachments are sure to in-
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For 5 years - price 68/-

Georgette over Taffeta. 24 ins. - - - price 55/9
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and Knickers). 16 ins., price 35/9

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St. IVEL
LACTIC CHEESE

APLIN & BARRETT & THE WESTERN COUNTIES CREAMERIES LTD., YEOVIL, SOMERSET.
Proprietors of the famous Golden Meadow Butter.

Rugby Ramblings—continued

boys are going well at Rugby just now, for a few years ago there succeeded to the headmastership a famous Rugby International of nearly forty years ago, the Rev. R. D. Budworth of Oxford, Blackheath and England. He played three times against Cambridge in the late 'eighties, and three times for England in 1890-1. He was a powerfully built, fair-haired forward, and those whose memories go back to those distant days are quite ready to believe that he was, and is, a muscular Christian.

He has done splendid work at Durham since his appointment, and the ancient school is now excellently equipped. It traces its origin back to the Dark Ages and even beyond them, for it was re-constituted by Cardinal Langley in 1414 and again by Henry VIII, whose memory is preserved in the title of King's Scholars given to foundationers. But centuries before his time there was a school connected with the monastery of Durham. Up to the nineteenth century the school stood on Palace Green. Now it is farther from the centre of the town, where it maintains its glorious traditions of five hundred years and more.

Next Saturday, January 4, will see the final English trial, England *v.* the Rest, at Twickenham. At the time of writing the teams have not been made public, but in view of the two previous trials the last one seems to be more important than usual. It was difficult to see the nucleus of an England team in either the Gloucester or Northampton fifteen; some of the selections indeed were almost startling. Admittedly the standard of club football in England this season is well below the average, particularly so in London, which means that the selectors will have to burn even more midnight oil than usual.

We all fancy ourselves as selectors, of course, and this season we have more chances than usual of showing our knowledge and skill. Even at this late hour I do not think many people could be sure of half the men who will

take the field against Wales, for times have indeed changed during the last six or seven years. In those halcyon days the team practically chose itself and won its matches! Very few of the men playing to-day would have been considered then, so greatly has the standard of individual play degenerated. There are no personalities now like Davies and Kershaw, or Myers, or "Wakers" at his best, with seven others like unto himself behind him. It's just the swing of the pendulum, of course, and all will be well again presently. Even Oxford at long last found a turn in the lane.

Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W., plead for a poor invalid. Her account is sadly overdrawn, and unless some kind friends come to her help she will have to exist on 10s. weekly. This is allowed by the guardians for she is not yet eligible for the Old Age Pension. Aged fifty-seven, she has been a widow for many years, and latterly she developed rheumatoid arthritis. Completely crippled, she often suffers great pain, and the disease seems to be spreading rapidly to her arms and hands. She is alone in the world except for one daughter, who has little sympathy with her mother and who gives her no help. This poor invalid is such a nice woman and is pathetically grateful for our past help. At the same time she is in terror lest we should be forced to stop our 4s. weekly. Will you enable us to continue our help and to soften the severities of her life?

In a mention of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode's new publication of the whole of Surtees' works wrong figures were given of the size of the edition owing to a printer's error. The real figures are—950 sets for sale, of which 500 have already gone to America, so that only 450 are available for the United Kingdom, and of the 450 for sale here only a few remain. The old editions being nowadays very scarce this new one is very welcome, for Surtees was the undisputed Thackeray of the hunting field.



MISS YVETTE ANNING

Who is playing the principal girl in the "Robinson Crusoe" pantomime in Manchester under the banner of Mr. Julian Wylie. Miss Yvette Anning has just returned from a successful Australian tour

"The Magic of Islam."

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Verdure and blossom . . . Peak and chasm . . . Mosque and minaret . . . Ghostly ruins and teeming bazaars . . . Golden sands and glittering seguias . . . princely palaces and mud cities . . . Sunset and the Muezzin.

A magnificent tour in the land of the stork, the scarlet ibis and the golden date—the land of blood-red dawn, gorgeous sunset, and peerless translucent night.

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Celanese taffeta evening gown with wide hem of deeper shade. The yoke is of metal lace and bodice is finished with a spray of flowers to tone.

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COLOURS: Lime / Chartreuse, Coral / Flame. Also in all Black or all White.

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PETROL VAPOUR—continued.

A Fine Thing.

Generally I am a little bit afraid of writing nice things about mechanical gadgets, because the least touch of flattery seems to go to their heads, and they immediately start misbehaving. But I believe I can trust my Kismet-Duplex pump, even though I am going to say something very nice indeed about it. It never has gone wrong, and I would be prepared to bet a substantial sum that it never will. I got it about eighteen months ago, and since then I calculate that it has saved me several pounds more than it costs. Every Friday morning the gardener's boy puts the Kismet on all the tyres of my cars, working to a schedule of pressures which is just a wee bit lower than that recommended by the tyre manufacturers, because I am getting old and appreciate my creature comforts. And, bless you, but don't tubes leak! Maybe the air gets out through a bad valve (little likely these days), or percolates through the inter-molecular spaciefulness of the rubber compound. But anyhow it goes all right. The interesting thing is that, at a glance, you can hardly tell the difference between a tyre that is pumped up properly and one that is so slack that, not only will it roll all over the place, but (this is a matter of experience) it will positively suck nails and flints into itself. Never "touch wood" about tyres. Touch the Kismet with your foot and all will be well. So I say, "Edward, 28 in the front and 35 at the back." And Edward says, "That's all right, sir; I done it a'ready." It is a good thing that Edward is a studious fellow, one who takes an interest in his job. I mean, I have rarely known him to put a fork into a brick wall. Otherwise he might blow my precious tyres clean off their rims. For there is no doubt that the Kismet-Duplex works very easily, and he might, thinking of his girl,

go pedalling away . . . and away . . . and away. But he likes the look of that neat brass cylinder, and he is tickled to death with the pressure gauge. . . . And the truth is, so am I. Which is why Edward sometimes arrives to find that one of his jobs has been done for him.

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS.

Two years ago the R.A.C., in consequence of a number of complaints received from garage proprietors in various parts of the country, made an appeal to thoughtless motorists who, having broken down and sent to the nearest garage for assistance, had remedied the trouble and resumed their journey before the relief car arrived, without intimating in any way to the garage proprietor that his services were not needed. As a result of that appeal the complaints ceased for a time, but similar cases having been reported within the last few months, the R.A.C. ventures to renew the appeal. The consequences of such an action as that referred to are twofold. In the first place the garage proprietor has to bear the expense of a fruitless journey, and second, when next a summons for help arrives he may not be disposed to turn out on what may prove to be a fool's errand. Obviously if such cases occur frequently the motoring public will be adversely affected, and the R.A.C. appeals most strongly therefore to any motorist who has occasion to summon assistance in these circumstances to send his card as a guarantee of his *bona fides*. So far as members and associate-members of the R.A.C. are concerned, however, the need does not arise, as the "Get you Home" vouchers supplied by the club cover such emergencies as this, and contain an undertaking by the R.A.C. to defray any expenses incurred in going to a member's assistance.



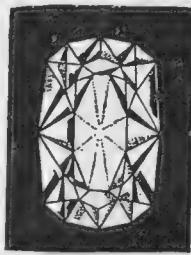
SIR WILLIAM MORRIS

The employees of the Morris organisation presented to Sir William Morris on December 18, a portrait of himself in oils by Sir Arthur Stockland Cope, R.A. The presentation was made by Mr. Alfred Keen, who was one of the original employees in the service of Sir William

10 TO 30
IN 4.8 SECONDS
and
THE LOWEST PRICED
STRAIGHT EIGHT!



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Model No. 860.

A New Season's Style fashioned in DEVAL Washing Silk. In a variety of colours, including Saxe, Green, Mauve, Beige, etc. Sizes: 38 to 44.

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Long sleeves 10/6 extra.

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The Series, in addition to the one illustrated, includes:—

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- "Stand Easy" "The Favourite Wins"
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- "The Umpire Who Confessed He Wasn't Looking"
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THE "THIRD ENCORE."

"The Girl Who Ordered a Glass of Milk at the Café Royal"

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"The Man Who Begged to Differ from His Mother-in-Law"

"The Man Who Bid Half-a-Guinea at Tattersall's"

"And Now, Dear Admiral, tell us all about the Battle of Jutland!" etc., etc.

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Size of Work 14 x 10 ins., on plate sunk mount 25 x 20 ins. Copies 10/6 each.

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INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, W.C.2

From the Shires and Provinces—cont.

From the Fernie

At Glooston, wonderful to record, it was rainless, and good hunting. A Glooston fox quickly fled Hallaton way and gave the hard riders a soft journey in deep going. The pack ran well and put their fox to ground in close proximity to Keythorpe Hall stables. Hunting over hill, dale, and through woodlands in the afternoon from Allerton, hounds entered Cottesmore territory by way of Wardley, and when pointing for Manton Gorse were stopped owing to our neighbours meeting near-by the following day.

Thick fog hung over the land when we met at Smeeton Westerby, but by the time hounds moved off the sun shone brightly. Everyone appeared cheerful, the frosty air acting on our spirits. Mrs. Badger was unlucky to have her best horse badly injured early on. Hope it is not serious. On the way to Gumley there was a Norman Conquest at the brook, the weighty lady rolling off face downwards in the water, but was fortunately saved from a watery grave. Hounds ran well from Gumley Wood to Laughton, then to the hills, and lost near Mowesley. A most exhilarating forty minutes at moderate pace, much enjoyed by the old brigade. Those who waited out had a good gallop over the point-to-point course at Saddington behind a John Ball fox, who beat the pack at dusk.

From the Heythrop

A happy New Year to all our readers, and to all lovers of fox-hunting peace and prosperity! Our luck really does seem to be in at the moment, as following on Saturday's delightful ding-dong there was another great day from Over Norton Park on Monday. Major and Mrs. Daly gave a hearty and liquid greeting to one and all, and we in turn much appreciated the spirits of their hospitality. Then the fun began, and we hunted this kale-field king for ninety-five minutes with a seven-mile point. The unclipped four-year-old gave a most polished performance, and the only touch of the crop required is one of the Eton variety. This good hunt fizzled out at Cuckoo Holt. If only someone had called out "Cuckoos, HALT!" perhaps the old bird on the grey might have held hard. All things come to those who wait, but hounds did not come to those who were waiting on Adlestrop Hill until it was almost time to go home, even the Man in the Moon coming out too soon!

Owing to Christmas holidays, etc., these notes have to be in the printer's hands earlier than usual, but at the time of writing a frost has set in, which brings cold comfort to all who are hoping to hunt for the rest of the week.

From the York and Ainsty

Owing to Christmas this has to be sent in very early, so the news may seem a trifle stale. As I write we're having what facetious people term "seasonable weather," but things may be better by the time this appears in print.

It was only just fit to hunt on Tuesday (December 17) at Skip Bridge; anyhow, David wasn't going to disappoint either his own disciples or the Middleton contingent, and we had a slow hunt in and round Red House Wood, a quicker one from Deighton Whin, and a racing fifteen minutes from Rufforth Whin to Nether Poppleton which everyone enjoyed. Tosses were numerous, and one particular episode might be described thus: Scene—The first obstacle after Deighton Whin.

Act I.—Collision between Stephen and Charles. Loud cracking sounds, caused by demolition of fence and fracture of Charles' little knobby cane. Red-coated figures prostrate in débris.

Act II.—One figure still prostrate. Hard-riding lady member takes pity, relinquishes the run and gallops off for a car.

Act III.—Lady member returns to scene of tragedy and finds it deserted, the prostrate figure having apparently come to life and resumed the chase. Lady member makes New Year resolution to harden her heart and look the other way next time.

Wednesday night saw a goodly number in the Assembly Rooms for the Foxhunters' Ball, and we're all very grateful to Dr. Benson and his committee for their trouble in running it.

From Lincolnshire

The wind having blown itself away and the rains having ceased, sport has improved. For the first time since the season began most of the county packs have been in luck! The Barrow-on-Humber day with the Brocklesby was full of exciting interest. The withy-bed near Barrow Haven held a brace of foxes. One was raced to his doom in ten minutes. Scared white, he ran amongst the crowd assembled on the New Holland road, and was actually killed under a motor-cycle! Without waiting for a post-mortem, hounds went quickly away on the other fox. Opportunity then came for a regular pipe-opener! Hounds ran for 1 hr. and 45 min.

There is never much scent when white frost covers the ground, and the Blankney huntsman was right when he said "nothing doing until this is dispelled." It was late in the afternoon after the meet at Nocton when the improvement came. On a fox from Kirkby Green Gorse, the bitches stretched themselves out beautifully for forty minutes, and they would have killed had the little red rover kept above ground.

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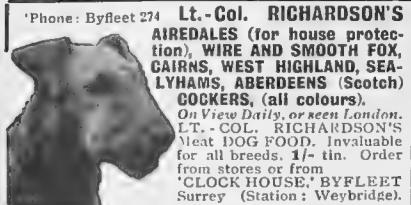
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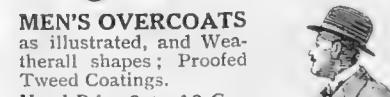
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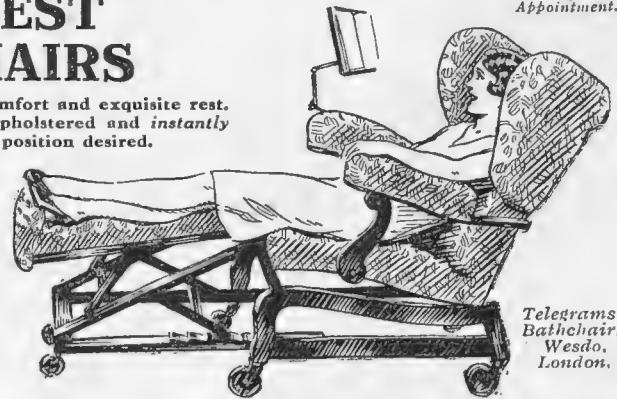
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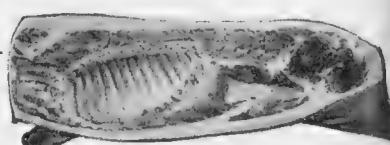
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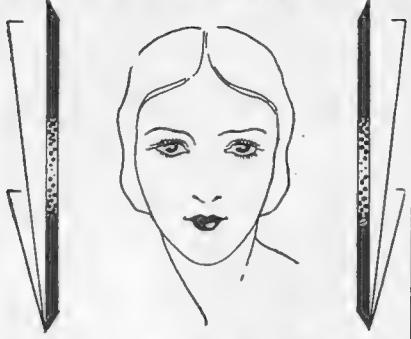
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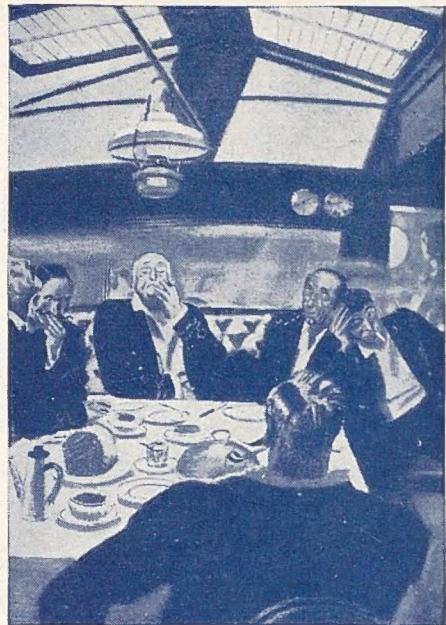
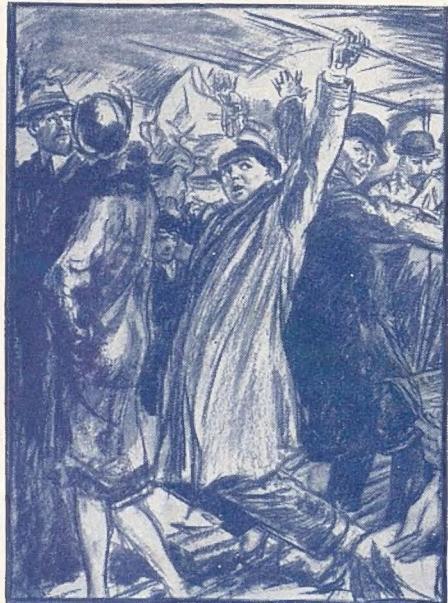
"I go to pay my compliments to Madame Balbi.
It is her fête day."

"I, too," said the other . . .

They strolled to the apartment side by side—
Champeroux elegant with a slim umbrella, and
Gosselin stiffly guarding the bouquet.

"Ah, how good you are! It is delicious. But
it is ravishing!" cried the lady, in tones of extreme
surprise, when the pair had kissed her hand and
congratulated her.

To Champeroux's discomfiture, however, she
made no mention of a basket of expensive
roses . . .



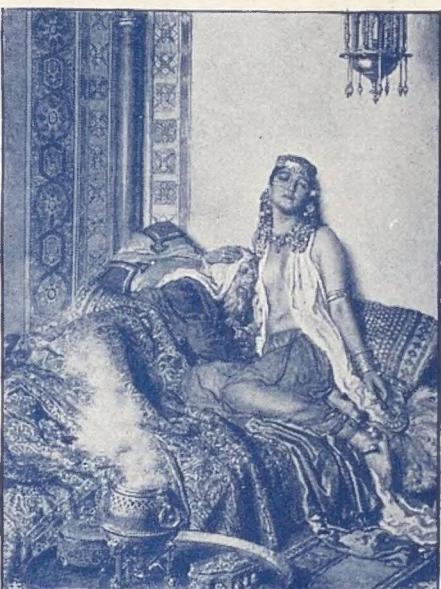
"Halgiers?" repeated Mr. Montgomery, the
First Officer, rising to the bait. "And wot,
may I arsk, is so fatal about Halgiers?"

"Weel," explained Mr. Glencannon, "as some
of you know, Captain Ball and gentlemen, I've
always been a great one for lummericks—silly
veerses o' poesy like, for instance, the one aboot
a cairtain young mon from Bombay who went
oot a-riding one day, and the Coolie who lived
in Hong-Kong whose job was to hammer a
gong . . . you know the sort o' thing."

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the Pegans and thus establish Mohammedanism
as a world religion, she organised a rebellion
in the harem. The Prophet had accepted as a
concubine a Coptic girl, Mary, young and comely
—the two qualities in a woman which Mahomet
never failed to appreciate. Unlike his other wives,
Mary soon gave birth to a son, Ibrahim. It is
true that she was not a slave, but that she had
produced a direct heir to Islam exalted her to
a station far above the other members of the
harem. Ayesha's envy knew no restraint.



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